THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1957. }

"'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

At breakfast-time, on Christmas day,
Beneath my plate a letter lay,
Sealed with pink hearts, and darts of gold—
I broke the wafer, and behold,
A cupid, poised upon a world,
Which to his footsteps turned and whirled—
And all with this quaint legend crowned—
"'*Tis Love that makes the world go round.*"

I know the rogue—a saucy elf,
Sitting just opposite myself—
A noisy, laughing, loving boy,
Full to the brim of boisterous joy;—
I looked and met his merry eyes,
And marveled with amused surprise
That he—a child—so soon had found
"'*Tis Love that makes the world go round.*"

With Christmas kisses, sports, and joys,
And Christmas games, and cakes, and toys,
And songs, and romps, and noisy play,
We made a merry Christmas day.
Right rapidly it must have whirled,
That day—this great rejoicing world,
If truth within the rule abound,
"'*Tis Love that makes the world go round.*"

THE DIVORCED.

"I will tell you that lady's story," said my friend, the doctor, after we had left the Asylum, and while he was showing me the way back to the railway station; "and you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong in granting her privileges which are not enjoyed by my other patients, and in allowing her to spend some hours every day in the society of my wife and children."

If you had been in the far West of England, about three years since; and if you had happened to take up one of the Cornish newspapers on a certain day of the month, which need not be specially mentioned, you would have seen this notice of a marriage at the top of a column:—

On the 3rd inst., at the parish church, the Rev. Alfred Carling, Rector of Penliddy, to Emily Harriet, relict of the late Fergus Duncan, Esq., of Glendarn, N. B.

The rector's marriage did not produce a very favorable impression in the town, solely in consequence of the unaccountably private and unpretending manner in which the ceremony had been performed. The middle aged bride and bridegroom had walked quietly to church one morning; had been married by the curate, before any one was aware of it; and had embarked immediately afterwards in the steamer for Tenby, where they proposed to pass their honeymoon. The bride being a stranger at Penliddy, all inquiries about her previous history were fruitless; and the townspeople had no alternative but to trust to their own investigations for enlightenment when the rector and his wife came home to settle among their friends.

After six weeks' absence, Mr. and Mrs. Carling returned; and the simple story of the rector's courtship and marriage was gathered together in fragments, by inquisitive friends, from his own lips, and from the lips of his wife.

Mr. Carling and Mrs. Duncan had met at Torquay. The rector, who had exchanged houses and duties for the season with a brother clergyman settled at Torquay, had called on Mrs. Duncan in his clerical capacity, and had come away from the interview, deeply impressed and interested by the widow's manners and conversation. The visits were repeated; the acquaintance grew into friendship, and the friendship into love—ardent, devoted love on both sides. Middle-aged man though he was, this was Mr. Carling's first attachment; and it was met by the same freshness of feeling on the lady's part. Her life with her first husband had not been a happy one. She had made the fatal mistake of marrying to please her parents rather than herself, and had repented it ever afterwards. On her husband's death, his family had not behaved well to her; and she had passed her widowhood, with her only child, a daughter, in the retirement of a small Scotch town, many miles away from the home of her married life. After a time, the little girl's health had begun to fail, and, by the doctor's advice, she had migrated southward to the mild climate of Torquay. The change had proved to be of no avail; and rather more than a year ago the child had died. The place where her darling was buried was a sacred place to her, and she had remained in it ever since. Her position in the world was now a lonely one. She was herself an only child; her father and mother were both dead; and, excepting cousins, her one near relation left alive was a maternal uncle living in London.

These particulars were all related, simply and unaffectedly, before Mr. Carling ventured on the confession of his attachment. When he made his proposal of marriage, Mrs. Duncan received it with an excess of agitation, which astonished and almost alarmed the inexperienced clergyman. As soon as she could speak, she begged with extraordinary earnestness and anxiety, for a week to consider her answer: and requested Mr. Carling not to visit her again on any account until the week had expired. The next morning she and her maid departed for London. They did not return until the week for consideration had expired. On the eighth day Mr. Carling called again, and was accepted.

The proposal to make the marriage as private as possible, came from the lady. She had been to London to consult her uncle (whose health, she regretted to say, would not allow him to travel to Cornwall to give his niece away at the altar); and he agreed with Mrs. Duncan that the wedding could not be too private and unpretending. If it was made public, the family of her first husband would expect cards to be sent to them, and a renewal of intercourse, which would be painful on both sides, might be the consequence. Other friends in Scotland, again, would resent her marrying a second time, at her age; and would distress her and annoy her future husband in many ways. She was anxious to break altogether with her past existence; and to begin a new and happier life, untrammeled by any connection with former times and troubles. She urged these points, as she had received the offer of marriage, with an agitation which was almost painful to see. This peculiarity in her conduct, however, which might have irritated some men, and rendered others distrustful, had no unfavorable effect upon Mr. Carling.—He set it down to an excess of sensitiveness and delicacy which charmed him. He was himself—though he never would confess it—a shy, nervous man by nature. Ostentation of any sort was something which he shrank from instinctively, even in the simplest affairs of daily life; and his future wife's proposal to avoid all the usual ceremony and publicity of a wedding, was more than agreeable to him; it was a positive relief. The courtship was accordingly kept secret at Torquay, and the marriage was celebrated privately at Penliddy.—It found its way into the local newspaper, as a matter of course; but it was not, as usual in such cases, also advertised in the Times. Both husband and wife were equally happy in the enjoyment of their new life, and equally unsocial in taking no measures whatever to publish it to others.

Such was the story of the rector's marriage. Socially, Mr. Carling's position was but little affected either way by the change in his life. As a bachelor, his circle of friends had been a small one; and when he married, he made no attempt to enlarge it. He had never been popular with the inhabitants of his parish generally. Essentially a weak man, he was, like other weak men, only capable of asserting himself positively, in serious matters, by running into extremes. As a consequence of this moral defect, he presented some singular anomalies in character. In the ordinary affairs of life, he was the gentlest and most yielding of men: but in all that related to strictness of religious principle, he was the earnest and the most aggressive of fanatics. In the pulpit, he was a preacher of merciless sermons; an interpreter of the Bible, by the letter rather than by the spirit, as pitiless and as gloomy as one of the Puritans of old—while, on the other hand, by his own fireside, he was considerate, forbearing and humble almost to a fault. As a necessary result of this singular inconsistency of character, he was feared, and sometimes even disliked, by the members of his congregation, who only knew him as their pastor; and he was prized and loved by the small circle of friends who also knew him as a man. These friends gathered round him more closely and more affectionately than ever after his marriage—not on his own account only, but influenced also by the attractions that they found in the society of his wife. Her refinement and gentleness of manner: her extraordinary accomplishments as a musician; her unvarying sweetness of temper, and her quick, winning, womanly intelligence in conversation, charmed every one who approached her. She was quoted as a model wife and woman by all her husband's friends; and she amply deserved the character that they gave her. Although no children came to cheer it, a happier and a more admirable married life has seldom been witnessed in this world than the life which was once to to be seen in the rectory-house at Penliddy.

With these necessary explanations, that preliminary part of my narrative of which the events may be massed together generally, for brevity's sake, comes to a close. What I have next to tell is of a deeper and a more serious interest, and must be carefully related in detail.

The rector and his wife had lived together, without, as I honestly believe, a harsh word or an unkind look once passing between them, for upwards of two years, when Mr. Carling took his first step towards the fatal future that was awaiting him, by devoting his leisure hours to the apparently simple and harmless occupation of writing a pamphlet.

He had been connected for many years with one of our great missionary societies, and had taken as active a part as a country clergyman could in the management of its affairs. At the period of which I speak, certain influential members of the society had proposed a plan for greatly extending the sphere of its operations, trusting to a proportionate increase in the annual subscriptions to defray the additional expenses of the new movement. The question was not now brought forward for the first time. It had been agitated eight years previously, and the settlement of it had been at that time deferred to a future opportunity. The revival of the project, as usual in such cases, split the working members of the society into two parties; one party cautiously objecting to run any risks; the other hopefully declaring that the venture was a safe one and that success was sure to attend it. Mr. Carling sided enthusiastically with the members who espoused this latter side of the question; and the object of his pamphlet was to address the subscribers to the society on the subject, and so to interest them in it as to win their charitable support, on a larger scale than usual, to the new project.

He had worked hard at his pamphlet, and had got more than half-way through it, when he found himself brought to a standstill for want of certain facts which had been produced on the discussion of the question eight years since, and which were necessary to the full and fair statement of his case. He at first thought of writing to the secretary of the society for information; but, remembering that he had not held his office more than two years, he thought it little likely that this gentleman would be able to help him, and looked back to his own Diary of the period, to see if he had made any notes in it relating to the original discussion of the affair. He found a note referring, in general terms only, to the matter in hand; but alluding, at the end, to a report in the Times of the proceedings of a deputation from the society, which had waited on a member of the government of that day, and to certain letters to the editor which had followed the publication of the report. The note described these letters as "very important;" and Mr. Carling felt, as he put his Diary away again, that the successful conclusion of his pamphlet now depended on his being able to get access to the back numbers of the Times of eight years since.

It was winter time when he was thus stopped in his work; and the prospect of a journey to London (the only place he knew of at which files of the paper were to be found) did not present many attractions. And yet he could see no other and easier means of effecting his object. After considering for a little while and arriving at no possible conclusion, he left the study, and went into the drawing-room to consult his wife.

He found her working industriously by the blazing fire. She looked so happy and comfortable—so gentle and charming in her pretty little lace cap, and her warm brown morning-dress, with its bright cherry-colored ribbons and its delicate swansdown trimming circling around her neck and nestling over her bosom, that he stooped and kissed her with the tenderness of his bridegroom days before he spoke. When he told her of the cause that had suspended his literary occupation, she listened, with the sensation of the kiss still lingering in her downcast eyes and her smiling lips, until he came to the subject of his Diary, and its reference to the newspaper. As he mentioned the name of the Times, she altered and looked him straight in the face gravely.

"Can you suggest any plan, love," he went on, "which may save me the necessity of a journey to London at this bleak time of the year? I must positively have this information; and, so far as I can see, London is the only place at which I can hope to meet with a file of the Times of eight years since."

As he pronounced the last three words, he saw her face overspread instantaneously by a ghastly paleness; her eyes fixed on him with a strange mixture of rigidity and vacancy in their look; her hands, with her work held tight in them, dropped slowly on her lap; and a shiver ran through her from head to foot.

He sprang to his feet, and snatched the smelling-salts from her work-table, thinking she was going to faint. She put the bottle from her, when he offered it, with a hand that thrilled him with the deadly coldness of its touch, and said, in a whisper:—

"A sudden chill, dear—let me go up stairs and lie down."

He took her to her room. As he laid her down on the bed, she caught his hand, and said, entreatingly:—

"You won't go to London, darling, and leave me here ill?"

He promised that nothing should separate him from her until she was well again; and then ran down stairs to send for the doctor. The doctor came, and pronounced that Mrs. Carling was only suffering from a nervous attack; that there was not the least reason to be alarmed; and that, with proper care, she would be well again in a few days.

Both husband and wife had a dinner-engagement in the town for that evening. Mr. Carling proposed to write an apology, and to remain with his wife. But she would not hear of his abandoning the party on her account. The doctor also recommended that his patient should be left to her maid's care, to fall asleep under the influence of the quieting medicine which he meant to give her. Yielding to this advice, Mr. Carling did his best to suppress his own anxieties, and went to the dinner-party.

Among the guests whom he met, was a gentleman named Rambert—a single man of large fortune, well known in the neighborhood of Penliddy as the owner of a noble country seat and the possessor of a magnificent library. Mr. Rambert (with whom Mr. Carling was well acquainted) greeted him at the dinner-party with friendly expressions of regret at the time that had elapsed since they had last seen each other; and mentioned that he had recently been adding to his collection of books some rare old volumes of theology, which he thought the rector might find it useful to look over. Mr. Carling, with the necessity of finishing his pamphlet uppermost in his mind, replied jestingly, that the species of literature which he was just then most interested in examining happened to be precisely of the sort which (excepting novels, perhaps) had least affinity to theological writing. The necessary explanation followed this avowal, as a matter of course; and, to Mr. Carling's great delight, his friend turned on him gaily with the most surprising and satisfactory of answers:—

"You don't know half the resources of my miles of bookshelves," he said, "or you would never have thought of going to London for what you can get from me. A whole side of one of my rooms up-stairs is devoted to periodical literature. I have reviews, magazines, and three weekly newspapers, bound, in each case, from the first number; and, what is just now more to your purpose, I have the Times, for the last fifteen years, in huge half-yearly volumes. Give me the date to-night, and you shall have the volume you want by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The necessary information was given at once; and, with a great sense of relief, so far as his literary anxieties were concerned, Mr. Carling went home early to see what the quieting medicine had done for his wife.

She had dozed a little; but had not slept. However, she was evidently better; for she was able to take an interest in the sayings and doings at the dinner-party; and questioned her husband about the guests and the conversation, with all a woman's curiosity about the minutest matters. She lay with her face turned towards him, and her eyes meeting his, until the course of her inquiries drew an answer from him, which informed her of his fortunate discovery in relation to Mr. Rambert's library, and of the prospect it afforded of his resuming his labors the next day. When he mentioned this circumstance, she suddenly turned her head on the pillow, so that her face was hidden from him; and he could see through the counterpane that the shivering, which he had observed when her illness had seized her in the morning, had returned again.

"I am only cold," she said, in a hurried way, with her face under the clothes.

He rang for the maid, and had a fresh covering placed on the bed. Observing that she seemed unwilling to be disturbed, he did not remove the clothes from her face when he wished her good-night; but pressed his lips on her head, and patted it gently with his hand. She shrank at the touch, as if it had hurt her, light as it was; and he went down-stairs, resolved to send for the doctor again, if she did not get rest on being left quiet. In less than half-an-hour afterwards, the maid came down, and relieved his anxiety by reporting that her mistress was asleep.

The next morning he found her in better spirits. Her eyes, she said, felt too weak to bear the light; so she kept the bed-room darkened. But, in other respects, she had little to complain of. After answering her husband's first inquiries, she questioned him about his plans for the day. He had letters to write which would occupy him until twelve o'clock. At two o'clock he expected the volume of the Times to arrive; and he should then devote the rest of the afternoon to his work. After hearing what his plans were, Mrs. Carling suggested that he should ride out after he had done his letters, so as to get some exercise at the fine part of the day; and she then reminded him, that a longer time than usual had elapsed since he had been to see a certain old pensioner of his, who had nursed him as a child, and who was now bed-ridden in a village at some distance, called Tringweighton. Although the rector saw no immediate necessity for making this charitable visit, the more especially as the ride to the village and back, and the intermediate time devoted to gossip, would occupy him at least two hours and a half, he assented to his wife's proposal, perceiving that she urged it with unusual earnestness, and being unwilling to thwart her, even in a trifle, at a time when she was ill.

Accordingly, his horse was at the door at twelve precisely. Impatient to get back to the precious volume of the Times, he rode so much faster than usual, and so shortened his visit to the old woman, that he was home again by a quarter past two. Ascertaining from the servant who opened the door, that the volume had been left by Mr. Rambert's messenger, punctually at two, he ran up to his wife's room to tell her about his visit, before he secluded himself for the rest of the afternoon over his work.

On entering the bed-room, he found it still darkened; and he was struck by a smell of burnt paper in it. His wife (who was now dressed in her wrapper, and lying on the sofa) accounted for the smell, by telling him that she had fancied the room felt close, and that she had burnt some paper—being afraid of the cold air if she opened the window—to fumigate it. Her eyes were evidently still weak, for she kept her hand over them while she spoke. After remaining with her long enough to relate the few trivial events of his ride, Mr. Carling descended to his study, to occupy himself at last with the volume of the Times.

It lay on his table, in the shape of a large flat brown paper package. On proceeding to undo the covering, he observed that it had been very carelessly tied up. The strings were crooked and loosely knotted; and the direction bearing his name and address, instead of being in the middle of the paper, was awkwardly folded over at the edge of the volume. However, his business was with the inside of the parcel; so he tossed away the covering and the string, and began at once to hunt through the volume for the particular number of the paper which he wished first to consult.

He soon found it, with the report of the speeches delivered by the members of the deputation, and the answer returned by the minister. After reading through the report, and putting a mark in the place where it occurred, he turned to the next day's number of the paper, to see what further hints on the subject the letters addressed to the Editor might happen to contain.

To his inexpressible vexation and amazement, that one number of the paper was missing.

He bent the two sides of the volume back; looked closely between the leaves, and saw immediately that the missing number had been cut out.

A vague sense of something like alarm, began to mingle with his first feeling of disappointment. He wrote at once to Mr. Rambert, mentioning the discovery he had just made, and sent the note off by his groom, with orders to the man to wait for an answer.

The reply with which the servant returned was almost insolent in the shortness and coolness of its tone. Mr. Rambert had no books in his library which were not in perfect condition. The volume of the Times had left his house perfect; and whatever blame might attach to the mutilation of it rested therefore on other shoulders than those of the owner.

Like many other weak men, Mr. Carling was secretly touchy on the subject of his dignity. After reading the note, and questioning his servants, who were certain that the volume had not been touched till he had opened it, he resolved that the missing number of the Times should be procured at any expense, and inserted in its place; that the volume should be sent back instantly without a word of comment; and that no more books from Mr. Rambert's library should ever enter his house. He walked up and down the study considering what first step he should take to effect the purpose in view. Under the quickening influence of his irritation, an idea occurred to him, which, if it had only entered his mind the day before might probably have proved the means of saving him from placing himself under an obligation to Mr. Rambert. He resolved to write immediately to his bookseller and publisher in London (who knew him well as an old and excellent customer,) mentioning the date of the back number of the Times that was required, and authorizing the publisher to offer any reward he judged necessary to any person who might have the means of procuring it at the office of the paper, or elsewhere. This letter he wrote and despatched in good time for the London post; and then went up-stairs to see his wife, and to tell her what had happened.

Her room was still darkened, and she was still on the sofa. On the subject of the missing number she said nothing; but of Mr. Rambert and his note, she spoke with the most sovereign contempt. Of course the pompous old fool was mistaken; and the proper thing to do was to send back the volume instantly, and take no more notice of him.

"It shall be sent back," said Mr. Carling, "but not till the missing number is replaced." And he then told her what he had done.

The effect of that simple piece of information on Mrs. Carling was so extraordinary and so unaccountable, that her husband fairly stood aghast. For the first time since their marriage, he saw her temper suddenly in a flame. She started up from the sofa, and walked about the room, as if she had lost her senses; upbraiding him for making the weakest of concessions to Mr. Rambert's insolent assumption that the rector was to blame. If she could only have laid hands on that letter, she would have consulted her husband's dignity and independence, by putting it in the fire! She hoped and prayed the number of the paper might not be found! In fact, it was certain that the number, after all these years, could not possibly be hunted up. The idea of his acknowledging himself to be in the wrong, in that way, when he knew himself to be in the right! It was almost ridiculous—no! it was *quite* ridiculous! And she threw herself back on the sofa, and suddenly burst out laughing. At the first word of remonstrance, however, which fell from her husband's lips, her mood changed again, in an instant. She sprang up once more, kissed him passionately, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and implored him to leave her alone to recover herself. He quitted the room so seriously alarmed about her, that he resolved to go to the doctor privately, and question him on the spot. There was an unspeakable dread in his mind, that the nervous attack from which she had been pronounced to be suffering, might be a mere phrase intended to prepare him for the future disclosure of something infinitely and indescribably worse.

The doctor, on hearing Mr. Carling's report, exhibited no surprise, and held to his opinion. Her nervous system was out of order, and her husband had been needlessly frightened by a hysterical paroxysm. If she did not get better in a week, change of scene might then be tried. In the meantime, there was not the least cause for alarm.

On the next day she was quieter, but she hardly spoke at all. At night she slept well; and Mr. Carling's faith in the medical man revived again. The morning after, was the morning which would bring the answer from the publisher in London. The rector's study was on the ground-floor; and, when he heard the postman's knock, being especially anxious that morning about his correspondence, he went out into the hall to take his letters the moment they were put on the table.

It was not the footman who had answered the door, as usual, but Mrs. Carling's maid. She had taken the letters from the postman, and was going away with them up-stairs. He stopped her, and asked why she did not put the letters on the hall table as usual. The maid, looking very much confused, said that her mistress had desired that whatever the postman brought that morning, should be carried up to her own room. He took the letters abruptly from the girl, without asking any more questions, and went back into his study.

Up to this time, no shadow of suspicion had fallen on his mind. Hitherto, there had been a simple, obvious explanation for every unusual event that had occurred during the last three or four days. But this last circumstance in connection with the letters was not to be accounted for. Nevertheless, even now, it was not distrust of his wife that was busy at his mind—he was too fond of her, and too proud of her to feel it—the sensation was more like uneasy surprise. He longed to go and question her, and get a satisfactory answer, and have done with it. But there was a voice speaking within him that had never made itself heard before; a voice with a persistent warning in it, that said—Wait: and look at your letters first!

He spread them out on the table, with hands that trembled he knew not why. Among them was the back number of the Times, for which he had written to London, with a letter from the publisher explaining the means by which the copy had been procured.

He opened the newspaper, with a vague feeling of alarm, at finding that those letters to the Editor which he had been so eager to read, and that perfecting of the mutilated volume which he had been so anxious to accomplish, had become objects of secondary importance in his mind. An inexplicable curiosity about the general contents of the paper was now the one moving influence which asserted itself within him. He spread open the broad sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eye fell, was the page on the right-hand side. It contained those very letters—three in number—which he had once been so anxious to see. He tried to read them; but no effort could fix his wandering attention. He looked aside, to the opposite page, on the left hand. It was the page that contained the leading articles.

They were three in number. The first was on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic commentary on a recent division in the House of Lords; the third was one of those articles on social subjects which have greatly and honorably helped to raise the reputation of the Times above all contest and all rivalry.

The lines in this third article which first caught his eye comprised the opening sentence of the second paragraph, and contained these words:—

It appears, from the narrative which will be found in another part of our columns, that this unfortunate woman married, in the spring of the year 18— one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of Glendarn, in the Highlands of Scotland—

The letters swam and mingled together under his eyes, before he could go on to the next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object for public compassion in the Times newspaper! On the brink of the dreadful discovery that was advancing on him, his mind reeled back; and a deadly faintness came over him. There was water on a side-table—he drank a deep draught of it—roused himself—seized on the newspaper with both hands, as it it had been a living thing that could feel the desperate resolution of his grasp—and read the article through, sentence by sentence, word by word.

The subject was the Law of Divorce; and the example quoted was the example of his wife.

At that time, England stood disgracefully alone as the one civilized country in the world having a divorce-law for the husband which was not also a divorce-law for the wife. The writer in the Times boldly and eloquently exposed this discreditable anomaly in the administration of justice; hinted delicately at the unutterable wrongs suffered by Mrs. Duncan; and plainly showed that she was indebted to the accident of having been married in Scotland, and to her consequent right of appeal to the Scotch Tribunals, for a full and final release from the tie that bound her to the vilest of husbands, which the English law of that day would have mercilessly refused.

He read that. Other men might have gone on to the narrative extracted from the Scotch newspaper. But at the last word of the article he stopped. The newspaper, and the unread details which it contained, lost all hold on his attention in an instant, and, in their stead, living and burning on his mind, like the Letters of Doom on the wall of Belshazzar, there rose up in judgment against him the last words of a verse in the Gospel of Saint Luke:

"Whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery."

He had preached from these words. He had warned his hearers, with the whole strength of the fanatical sincerity that was in him, to beware of prevaricating with the prohibition which that verse contained, and to accept it as literally, unreservedly, finally forbidding the marriage of a divorced woman. He had insisted on that plain interpretation of plain words in terms which had made his congregation tremble. And now he stood alone in the secrecy of his own chamber, self-convicted of the deadly sin that he had denounced—he stood, as he had told the wicked among his hearers that they would stand, at the Last Day, before the Judgment Seat.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; he never knew whether it was many minutes or few before the door of his room was suddenly and softly opened. It did open—and his wife came in.

In her white dress, with a white shawl thrown over her shoulders; her dark hair, so neat and glossy at other times, hanging tangled about her colorless cheeks, and heightening the glassy brightness of terror in her eyes—so he saw her: the woman put away from her husband, the woman whose love had made his life happy and had stained his soul with a deadly sin.

She came on to within a few paces of him, without a word, or a tear, or a shadow of change passing over the dreadful rigidity of her face. She looked at him with a strange look; she pointed to the newspaper crumpled in his hand, with a strange gesture; she spoke to him in a strange voice.

"You know it!" she said.

His eyes met hers—she shrank from them—turned—and laid her arms and her head heavily against the wall.

"Oh, Alfred!" she said, "I was so lonely in the world, and I was so fond of you!"

The woman's delicacy, the woman's trembling tenderness welled up from her heart, and touched her voice with a tone of its old sweetness, as she murmured these simple words. She said no more. Her confession of her fault, her appeal to their past love for pardon, were both poured forth in that one sentence. She left it to his own heart to tell him the rest. How anxiously her vigilant love had followed his every word, and treasured up his every opinion, in the days when they first met—how weakly and falsely, and yet with how true an affection for him, she had shrank from the disclosure which she knew but too well would have separated them even at the church door; how desperately she had fought against the coming discovery which threatened to tear her from the bosom she clung to, and to cast her out into the world with the shadow of her own shame to darken her lonely life to the end—all this she left him to feel; for the moment which might part them forever was the moment when she knew best how truly, how passionately he had loved her.

His lips trembled as he stood looking at her in silence; and the slow, burning tears dropped heavily, one by one, down his cheeks. The natural human remembrance of the golden days of their companionship, of the nights and nights when that dear head—turned away from him, now, in unutterable misery and shame—had nestled itself so fondly and so happily on his breast, fought hard to silence his conscience, to root out his dreadful sense of guilt, to tear the words of Judgment from their ruthless hold on his mind, to claim him in the sweet names of Pity and Love. If she had turned and looked at him, at that moment, their next words would have been spoken in each other's arms. But the oppression of her despair under his silence was too heavy for her; and she never moved.

He forced himself to look away from her; he struggled hard to break the silence between them.

"God forgive you, Emily!" he said.

As her name passed his lips his voice failed him, and the torture at his heart burst its way out in sobs. He hurried to the door to spare her the terrible reproof of the grief that had now mastered him. When he passed her, she turned towards him with a faint cry.

He caught her as she sank forward, and saved her from dropping on the floor. For the last time his arms closed round her—for the last time, his lips touched hers—cold and insensible to him now. He laid her on the sofa, and went out.

One of the female servants was crossing the hall. The girl started as she met him, and turned pale at the sight of his face. He could not speak to her, but he pointed to the study-door. He saw her go into the room, and then he left the house.

He never entered it more; and he and his wife never met again.

Later on that last day, a sister of Mr. Carling's—a married woman living in the town—came to the rectory weeping bitterly. She brought an open note with her, addressed to the unhappy mistress of the house. It contained these few lines, blotted and stained with tears:—

May God grant us both the time for repentance! If I had loved you less, I might have trusted myself to see you again. Forgive me, and pity me, and remember me in your prayers, as I shall forgive and pity and remember you!

He had tried to write more, but the pen had dropped from his hand. His sister's entreaties had not moved him. After giving her the note to deliver, he had solemnly charged her to be gentle in communicating the tidings that she bore, and had departed alone for London. He heard all remonstrances with patience. He did not deny that the one deception of which his wife had been guilty (subsequent inquiry proved that she had deceived him in nothing else, and that her first husband had died little more than six months after her divorce), was the most pardonable of all concealments of the truth because it sprang from her love for him. But he had the same hopeless answer for everyone who tried to plead with him—the verse from the Gospel of Saint Luke.

His purpose in travelling to London was to make the necessary arrangements for his wife's future existence, and then to get employment which would separate him from his home and from all its associations. A missionary expedition to one of the Pacific Islands, accepted him as a volunteer. Broken in body and spirit, his last look at England, from the deck of the ship, was his last look at land. A fortnight afterwards, his brethren read the burial service over him on a calm, cloudless evening at sea. Before he was committed to the deep, his little pocket-Bible, which had been a present from his wife, was, in accordance with his dying wishes, placed open on his breast, so that the inscription, "To my dear Husband," might rest over his heart.

I need say but little more. You have seen and spoken to the poor creature who was once his wife. When she was first placed under my care, I thought her case hopeless. The mental malady, after she had been with me little more than a month, was complicated by physical malady—by fever on the brain. To my surprise, and to the surprise of my professional brethren whom I called in to help me, she lived through it; and she recovered, with the complete loss of one faculty—which, in her situation, poor thing, is a mercy and a gain to her—I mean the utter loss of memory. She has not the faintest gleam of recollection of anything that happened before her illness; and, in that happy oblivion, she lives contentedly the life of a child. The veriest trifles are as new and as interesting to her, as they are to your young children or to mine. So far as any necessity for restraint is concerned she might leave my care to-morrow. But her friends know that my wife has grown to love her, as well as to pity her; and that my children would feel it to be a cruel loss if their poor grown playmate was taken away from them. I hope she will be left to live in their society, and to die with nothing on her memory but the recollection of their kindness.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

(To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.)

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

MR. DICKENS.

A New York correspondent says:—

A gentleman has lately left here for London for the purpose of making an arrangement, or engagement, with Mr. Charles Dickens to deliver, in this country, the series of readings he has read with so much *eclat* in England. The offer to be made to induce Mr. D. to come will be of so tempting a character that little doubt is entertained but that he will accept. You need not be surprised, therefore, to see his name in huge posters, in New York, by the first of March next.

We trust that, if Mr. Dickens does come, he will not intrust himself to the "tender mercies" of any New York Barnum. Coming without parade or pretension, he will find thousands ready to listen to his readings. There will be no necessity of putting his name in "huge posters," or of filling column after column of the newspapers with advertising blarney, in order to insure his success; and if he is wise, he will submit to no degradation of the kind, but manifest the instincts of a gentleman, in refusing to be led up and down by some vulgar and blathering showman.

☞ A lady, who has had several years experience as a teacher, wishes to obtain a situation as a teacher of Drawing, Painting—in oil and water colors—and of the rudiments of Music. Apply in person or by letter to the editor of THE POST.

PICCOLOMINI.

Piccolo-mee-nee—accent on *mee*—that is the way to pronounce the name of this *cantatrice*. Our decision on this important point may be considered final, and the feud which has been raging in "our first society" as to the proper pronunciation of the name, will now cease.

What do our country readers care about Piccolomini? Perhaps nothing. Have they ever heard, or having heard, have they been interested in, the strident cries of Mr. Manager Ullman, proclaiming that Piccolomini is a real Princess, and not the scion of a Roman pork-butcher, that she is one of the greatest prima donnas in the whole world, that she is as innocent as a child and as beautiful as an angel, and that never, *never*, shall we see or hear her like again?

Have our country readers heard, or having heard, cared for all this? Who knows! Our city readers have heard it all, and been edified. They have heard the ecstatic bravoes of the critics favored with advertisements and free tickets, and the derisive groans of the critics who have not been so favored. They have heard Manager Ullman vociferate "I 'ave keek ze press out of ze 'onse ven zey zall say she is not wort mush, and I will keek ze press out again." Then they have heard the welkin resound with the tremendous stuff and thump of Manager Ullman's patent leather as he "keek ze press out"—haven't they? Unquestionably they have. And then they have gone to see the Piccolomini. They have all agreed that she was "good." But even on this decision there has been a division. For there are two kinds of "good"—the good-for-something and the good-for nothing! And which kind is Piccolomini?

Fortunately for the disputants, *we* exist. The oracle is not yet silent. We have seen and heard Piccolomini, and we will decide the whole matter. Our country readers may not care for our decision. But then there are our city readers, and above all there is posterity. Posterity will hail our verdict with rapture, and decree us an unfinished monument, which is the style in America.

Now for it. Piccolomini is a—but stay. Let the public pause a minute, and prolong the pleasures of anticipation, which, as everybody knows, are more poignant than the pleasures of possession. As an epicure eats an olive before he proceeds to revel in the fascinatingness of his ortolan, so let the public flavor with suspense the rare opinion they are about to receive.

All ready? Now then. Piccolomini is, without doubt, a pretty and plumptitudinous little humbug!

It was in Mozart's pleasant opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*, that we saw the Piccolomini. The poet of Idlewild speaks ecstatically of her "school-girl purity," her "undisguised innocence," her "exquisite grace and elegance," her "coquetry of gesture," above all, of the "innocent confidingness of the whole pout and play of her pulpy litt'e red lips," which "pelted" him "with kisses!" The poet of Idlewild's eye must have been in a fine frenzy rolling to see all this, for nothing of it, from the adolescent innocence to the osculatory pantomime, was visible to our impartial eyes. Piccolomini, as we saw her, was decidedly professional, and altogether too audacious to be fascinating. No school girl freshness was there about her—not a bit. On the contrary, a more thorough woman of the world we never saw. In person she is short and perfectly plump—her plumpness verging closely upon absolute fatness. Her face is chubby and her mouth—that famous mouth—is large, well-formed, frank, bold and saucy. As for her voice—it is really not worth mentioning. A small voice of narrow compass, pleasant enough in tone, but inadequate to the demands of the music,—that is the account of it. Then as for playing her part, that was with her a secondary consideration. Her affair was with the house, which her action constantly addressed. She stood with arms a-kimbo; she scampered about the stage as fast as her feet could carry her; she ogled the stockholders in the parquette, and the other gentlemen in the boxes; she nodded; she winked; she tossed her fingers; she shook her head; she laughed; she "carried on," in fact, "like all possessed," as the saying is. Coquetry or arch frolic in all this there was not. The whole thing was so obviously deliberate, so overdone, and carried to such downright extravagance, that the spectacle became merely curious, and not at all fascinating.

So much for our high bred Princess, and so much for the bold Ullman's gasconades. A more amusing and audacious humbug than this puffing of the plumptitudinous Piccolomini, is rarely practised on the patient public. The roly-poly little Roman must laugh immensely at the *furore* she has created, and the grin of satisfaction with which the enterprising Ullman fills his pockets with the receipts, must be interesting to behold.

HEAT FROM THE STARS.—Doctor Lardner says: "It is a startling fact, that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get enough to make the existence of animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of a year to melt a crust of ice 75 feet thick, almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from any one of these distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes, when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon."

The above, we admit, does appear very strange to us. And if it be true that the stars give us so much heat, one would think they would give light in proportion—which certainly is not the case. However, we know very little about it, we confess, and are ready to believe anything that the great majority of the scientific men say is true. And we have noticed that even skeptics in religion, when it comes to science, are apt to "walk by faith, not by sight," and believe what the leading minds in natural philosophy tell them, as being the most sensible thing they can do.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 197—Adults 103, and children 94.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The world is agog with the recent remarks of Louis Napoleon to Hubner, the Austrian Minister, when the Foreign Ministers called to present their usual congratulations on New Year's Day. This famous speech was as follows:—"I regret that our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to tell the Emperor that my personal feelings for him have not changed." It is further reported, that Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, went up, subsequently, to Hubner, and said to him, "I suppose I must not give you my hand after that."

It is still further said that the effect of these speeches was a "panic" in the money market, "the decline in the funds being equal to fully one per cent.;" and that in the "higher financial circles, an effect has been produced which it is difficult to exaggerate."

The scene itself between the Emperor and the Austrian Minister is likened to that between the first Napoleon and Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador, in 1803—when the then First Consul accompanied his words with the most violent and menacing gestures. In presence of the assembled Ambassadors of Europe, Napoleon addressed Lord Whitworth in the following terms:—"So, you are determined to go to war. We have already fought for fifteen years; I suppose you want to fight for fifteen years more. The English wish for war; but if they are the first to draw the sword I will be the last to put it into the scabbard. They have no respect for treaties. Henceforth they must be shrouded in black crape. Wherefore these armaments? Against whom these measures of precaution? I have not a single ship of the line in the harbors of France. But if you arm I shall arm also. If you insist on fighting, I shall fight also. You may destroy France, but never intimidate it. If you would live on terms of good understanding with us, you must respect treaties. Wo to those who violate them; they will answer for the consequences to all Europe." Before fifteen years had elapsed, Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena.

The causes of difficulty between France and Austria relate principally to Italy. France, it is said, has urged reform upon Austria relative to her Italian misgovernment, which Austria does not seem properly to appreciate. The truth of the matter probably is, that Louis Napoleon would like a share of the Italian pie, and by disagreeing with Austria, hopes to make himself, in the first place, popular with the Italians, and finally king of a considerable portion of Italy. Viewed in any other light, advice from Louis Napoleon to Austria relative to misgovernment, seems rather wanting in the element of seriousness. Louis Napoleon doubtless is philanthropic in his way, but his way is not exactly the liberal and politically progressive one. When he treads that path at all, it is only reasonable to suppose that he has some object in view very different from the apparent end of his journey.

The next steamer, which may arrive before this paper goes to press, will probably enlighten us a little as to the probabilities of that great conflict, which so many of our contemporaries are now engaged in foreseeing. For our part, we shall calmly wait for something a little more definite, before we make up our mind that Louis Napoleon is about to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." Perhaps his private purse was somewhat low, and he wanted to give an opportunity for "self and friends" to make a little money by a very safe speculation in the funds. When they have all bought pretty largely, perhaps he will make a second speech—a good humored one—and prices will go up again "fully one per cent." Who knows? The temptation must be very great to a man who can fill his pockets at any time by just shaking his head fiercely, and uttering ambiguous sentences. And, although it may show that we are sadly wanting in respect for "that divinity which doth hedge a king," certainly, if nothing important ever comes of this talk to the Austrian ambassador, we shall conclude that it was merely designed for speculative purposes.

——Since writing the above, we have three days later news from Europe. We are not able to perceive that it throws much additional light upon the subject. The *Moniteur*, however, has been trying to calm matters down a little.

☞ One of the English—not Irish—periodicals, says, in answer to a correspondent:—

All the children of Royalty are born princes and princesses, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, who is born Duke of Cornwall. The rest may be created dukes and duchesses.

"All the children of royalty are born *princes*," "except the *Prince* of Wales, who is born a *Duke*." It is not every man who can thus pack a pair of "bulls" into one short sentence.

AT SEA.—The fine poem bearing this title, which appeared in the January "Atlantic," and was generally attributed to Longfellow, proves to be the composition of Mr. J. B. Trowbridge, one of the editors of the Boston *Olive Branch*. We can only say that Longfellow might well be proud of its hymn-like beauty and music.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK'S POEMS in blue and gold (D. Appleton & Co., N. York,) is a prize worth having. Here are all the old favorites, radiant with humor, or dewy with pathos, beautiful, musical, merry and gay. The trumpet-notes of "Bozzaris," stirring the wild, red blood of heroes in the world-worn heart; "Alnwick Castle" with its alternate lights and shades of beauty and drollery; the tender and generous lilt to the memory of Burns; Rodman Drake's elegy, so eloquent in manly pathos; the Don Juanesque sarcasms, fun and frolic of "Fanny," and all the others—here they are, in a shape fit for one's side pocket, and good for any day in the year.

TUCKETT'S INSURANCE JOURNAL (William Haddeu, Philadelphia,) is a monthly publication containing valuable information respecting finance, joint stock bodies, Assurance companies, provident institutions, saving banks, and similar matters. We should think it very useful to all classes of business men.

☞ In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an unnecessarily long panegyric of the virtues of the Hot Springs in the neighborhood of Little Rock, Arkansas. From his account of them, it appears that the Springs are "the sovereignest thing on earth" for the rheumatism, and indeed all other diseases. Sufferers will please take notice, and consider upon it.

A FEMININE BEARD. A young lady sends us the following, which must touch the sympathies of all:

"I am nineteen years of age, and for the last eight months hair has been growing on my upper lip very fast. Like a simple-minded girl I shaved it off weekly, and now it has grown quite *thick*. What can I do to kill it? If you know, please inform me, or perhaps some of your readers may know."

This is a hard case, and we fear the remedy is not easy. Here is what Madame Lola Montez says on the subject, in her "Arts of Beauty:"

"It sometimes happens that feminine beauty is a little marred by an unfeminine growth of hair on the upper lip, or on the neck and arms, and sometimes on the chin. I have known several unfortunate ladies to produce ulcers and dangerous sores by compounds which they used for the purpose of removing these blemishes. Caustic preparations of lime, arsenic, and potash have been used for this purpose with the above results.

"But the following safe method has been used with perfect success:—

"Spread on a piece of leather equal parts of galbanum and pitch plaster, and lay it on the culprit hairs as smoothly as possible, and then, after letting it remain about three minutes, pull it off suddenly, and it will be quite sure to bring out the hairs by the roots, and they will not grow again. The pain of this remedy is much less than the cauterizing remedy, and is, besides, more successful. I have seen poor victims sit all day pulling these aggressive hairs with tweezers, which is a fruitless task, for they almost invariably break off the hair at the neck, instead of pulling it out by the roots. But the most ridiculous mistake which women make in this business is removing the superfluous hair with a razor, for that promotes the unnatural growth, and, even though the shaving were done every day, the blue or black roots of the hair show further than the hair itself."

This remedy may seem almost as bad as the misfortune it is intended to relieve, but our correspondent can hardly expect to remove the consequences of her rashness without pain. The only other resource, should she decline to try this,——which of course we do not recommend, since we know nothing of its operation,—is a depilatory. Depilatory is defined in the encyclopedia as "any application which is used to take off hair from an animal body, such as lime and orpiment (arsenic)." Thus a depilatory, which is usually in the form of a powder, has a caustic basis, and must be used with caution, as its action on the skin is inflammatory. Should our correspondent decide to try this remedy, it may be had of Messrs. Hassard & Co., druggists, corner of Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. A letter addressed to Messrs. Hassard & Co., stating the case, and asking the price of the depilatory, will receive attention; when, the requisite sum being transmitted, the depilatory will be sent by mail.

TOBACCO. Smoking and chewing are sometimes beneficial, when there is too great a preponderance of fluids in the system. Smoking is also good when practised by foolish talkers, as it promotes silence. It is also good for the tobacco growers. It is injurious in a general way however.

POLLY. The best mode to obtain *gratuitous* instruction on the piano, is to fall in love with a music teacher. We cannot recommend any particular one however. It is better he should not be an unmarried man, or else discord might be produced instead of harmony.

"PATIENT GRISELDA." A cynical critic having remarked there was a patient *man* spoken of in Scripture, but no patient women, a young lady took up the cudgels on behalf of her sex, and retorted that the patient *man* was a *wonder*, and, therefore, alluded to, while so many women are patient, that it is not needful to particularize them. Joking apart, we verily believe that women possess a greater fund of patience than men. Our organization renders us quicker, more irritable, and less submissive, just as it makes us more vigorous, active, and enterprising.

JESSIE GRAY. Any trade by which man or woman obtains an honest livelihood is honorable; and we know no reason why a child's-nurse should not be as respectable as a dressmaker, or *vice versa*. We imagine that a sensible man would as soon marry a child's-nurse as a dressmaker if she were equally industrious, virtuous and affectionate, and if he happened to be desperately in love with her. Still, trades and occupations are higher, in one sense, in proportion as they demand high mental and spiritual qualities to carry them on. Thus the ministerial is higher than the street-sweeping profession—and most men, even in this Democratic country, would rather marry the daughter of President Buchanan—supposing he had any—than the daughter of old Swipes, the bone gatherer.

MARY JANE. To stiffen book-muslin, and give it that clear, transparent appearance it presents when new, dissolve about one ounce of gum tragacanth in a quart of water, and before using, squeeze the residue through a piece of muslin.—Mary Jane will be careful to remember that it is the gum-water, and not the book-muslin, much less the lady, that is to be "squeezed."—Much book muslin is injured in appearance by not causing your gentlemen acquaintance—especially Charles—to preserve a reasonable and respectful distance. Of course, no lady reader of THE POST would allow such liberties, even on the part of the betrothed lover of twenty-five years' standing, but still it may be well to give a hint of this kind for the benefit of others.

FANNY J. If the engagement is with the consent of his friends, do your best to improve yourself according to his wishes; if not, be cautious. You should never give an absolute acceptance without consulting your father or mother, unless you have reached the years of discretion, which, in most cases, where love is in question, never arrive. If, however, you are of legal age, and your parents can interpose no sensible objection against the young man, you may first accept and afterwards marry him. It is such a serious matter however to go against the wishes of parents in matrimonial affairs, that we would advise Fanny and all other young ladies, to weigh the subject well before deciding in the affirmative.

INQUIRING MIND. It was called Ash Wednesday because on that day the priests of the Church were wont to make the sign of the cross upon the foreheads of the people, admonishing with the words, "Thou art dust and ashes, and shalt return to dust and ashes." The words are still retained in the Funeral Service of the Episcopal Church, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

WATERL[illegible] battle.—"On assuming the command in Brussels, Wellington's first care was to concert a system of mutual operation with General von Blucher, confidence of ministers, at home, and his suggestions[illegible] by sending him continuous reinforcements from England, including those regimen[illegible] were then returning from America, on the close of the war, all of which were landed at Ostend, without first being allowed to visit their native shores. The Duke knew full well that upon the promptitude of movements and measures the fate of the campaign would mainly hinge; for he had watched his great rival's grand concentration of his forces towards the Belgian frontier, and it was necessary to be prepared for him at any point. Hence he posted his right wing under Lord Hill at Ath; his left, under the Prince of Orange, covered the line from Braine-le-Comte to Nivelles; part of the cavalry commanded by the Marquis of Anglesey, was ported around Grammont; and a strong reserve, composed of all arms, occupied the town and neighborhood of Brussels. He went personally to Blucher's head-quarters, and pointed out to him the danger of his position. There is an anecdote connected with this visit so creditable to the Duke, and at the same time so perfect a confutation of the slander of his 'having allowed himself to be surprised by Napoleon whilst amusing himself at a ball at Brussels,' that we may be excused for repeating it here. When Gen. Grouchy's reply to Count Foy's attack was first published a friend of the Duke's took it to him, and asked him if he had seen the reply to Foy's remarks upon the manœuvres on the day previous to the great battle? 'I have read the pamphlet,' answered the duke, 'and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he certainly did not receive. As to his manœuvres, I know all about them; I was a witness to them.' 'You?' asked his friend, 'why, everybody thinks you were in Brussels at the time.' 'Well, what if they do?' was his characteristic reply, 'they are wrong. On that evening I and Gordon left Brussels, took a squadron of horse as escort, no one knowing us, and proceeded to Blucher's head-quarters. I passed the whole of that night in conference with him, Bulow, D'Yorck, and Kleist. In the morning I observed to Bulow, "If I had posted my men as yours are now, I should expect to be most confoundedly thrashed." The attack of Grouchy soon after commenced, and the Prussians were defeated. I waited long enough to see the commencement and guess the result, and then thought it time to be off, and on the 17th Napoleon made his great movement on my flank, which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo.' And when Gen. Alava joined the duke on the field of Waterloo, the latter after the first greeting was over, said, 'Bonaparte shall see to-day how a general of Sepoys can defend a position,' showing his contempt for his opponent's opinion of him, and his confidence in himself, in his troops, and in the position he had chosen for them."

A RELIGIOUS CURIOSITY.

Looking over some papers of an old pastor lately, in a manuscript letter, I found the enclosed. It may be commonly known among theologians, but I have never seen it in print before.

In Joseph's dream of the eleven stars making obeisance to him, it is said there is an allusion to the signs of the zodiac—the eleven brethren answering to eleven signs, and Joseph to the twelfth. These signs were known in Chaldea and afterwards in Egypt. They are, as everybody knows, called by the names of animals, excepting one. The curiosity consists in the resemblance between the blessings of Jacob, or his prophecies respecting his sons, as they are in the 49th chapter of Genesis, and the animals after whose names the constellations are called. The following table will illustrate the meaning. Any one who will keep in mind the picture of a human figure usually found in one of the first pages of our almanacs, and the constellations around, will understand the whole matter.

1. Reuben, "Unstable as water;" *Aquarius*, A waterman.

2. Simeon and Levi, "Are brethren;" *Gemini*, Twins.

3. Judah, "A lion's whelp;" *Leo*, A Lion.

4. Zebulun, "At the haven of the sea;" *Cancer*, A crab, from the sea.

5. Issachar, "A strong ass," or beast of burden; *Taurus*, An ox.

6. Dan, "An adder;" *Scorpio*, a scorpion.

7. Do, "biteth the horses' heels;" *Libra*, Claws of serpent changed into balances.

8. Gad, "A troop;" *Pisces*, Fish, Dag, reverse of Gad.

9. Asher, "His bread shall be fat;" *Virgo*, Woman with stalk of wheat in her hand.

10. Napthali, "A hind let loose;" *Aries*, A ram.

11. Joseph, "His bow abode in strength;" *Sagittarius*, An Archer.

12. Benjamin, "Raving as a wolf;" *Capricornus*, Formerly Pan with a wolf's head.—Observer.

VALUE OF SALT.—*If too little salt be taken in the food, instinct forces every animal to supply the deficiency by eating it separately.* The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself beside a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. When Cook and Foster landed in Otaheite, they astonished the natives who saw them eating white powder with every morsel of meat; and every one remembers Man Friday's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "white powder" ate fish, and cooked their flesh in sea water, rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt; and on the gold coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, his wife, or his child for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

☞ A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near forty." Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said, "Do not fret about it, madam, for you will get farther and farther from that frightful epoch every day."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE ABSORBING TOPIC—CHRISTMAS BENEFACTIONS—A NEW PROJECT—HOW TO USE GUANO—THE WINGS OF THE WIND—FREAKS OF DAME NATURE—THE TRUTH OF TRADITIONS—OYSTERS AND THEIR RIVALS—AN EXCITING GAME—A FLYING VISIT—A ROYAL PRESENT—IMPERIAL ROMPING.

Paris, December 23, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Nothing, of course, is to be seen or heard of, at the present time, but the all absorbing *etrennes* now displaying their full-blown glories from one end of Paris to the other. These treasures of art and industry will not find their way into the hands for whom they are designed by the Fates that watch over human things, until the first day of the New Year; but postmen, laundresses, and water carriers are already in the field, begging that you "will not forget" their annual claims, and concierges and lessees have put on that delightful urbanity of manner peculiar to the approach of the season of gifts. The bakers are getting ready their annual gratuity of bread to the poor; and the butchers are strongly urged by the local press to "do likewise;" though why the onus of public liberality should be laid more especially on these two classes of tradespeople rather than on the grocers, wine-sellers, poulterers, &c., it would be hard to say. Probably the fact that the butchers and bakers have hitherto formed close corporations, with certain privileges still clinging to them, may have led to the feeling that they owed something more to society than their brethren of other trades; but one of these corporations being now dissolved, and the other deprived, to a great extent, of its former privileges, there is really no more reason for the demand being made on them than on their neighbors. But France, being a land of routine, and butchers and bakers having been accustomed to bestow *largesses* on the poor in ancient times, it seems to be considered as a provision quite in the order of nature that they should come down handsomely every New Year's Day in behalf of the poor.

The great monied nabobs are sending in their usual presents for the destitute of the city.—Baron James de Rothschild, who gives away immense sums yearly to the poor of all denominations, has just made his usual annual donation of 75,000 lbs. of bread, to be divided among the needy of the twelve wards of Paris; and the brothers Pereire, the heads of the Credit Mobilier, also of Jewish blood, have sent in a munificent donation of money to the Prefect of the Seine, to be distributed among the same class. The Emperor and Empress have, as usual, opened their soup-kitchens, which are admirably managed by Sisters of Charity, and unquestionably do much good among the half-starving inhabitants of the poorer quarters.

The excessive dearness of the necessaries of life is setting the wits of schemers to work with a view to alleviating the pressure thus caused. The latest of the propositions put forth on this subject, urges the adoption of the plan of sending meat ready slaughtered to market, which, it is stated, has been adopted for some months past with success in New York. Minute directions are given with regard to the wagons in which the meat is to be sent from the country, the currents of air which are to be made to circulate through the meat by means of ice packed on the top of each vehicle, and the other precautions to be taken in order to insure the arrival of the meat, in a perfectly fresh condition, by railway. That the adoption of such a system would be an immense advantage to Paris, if practicable, may be inferred from the fact that the capital receives every year, 172,000 oxen, 46,000 cows, 118,000 calves, 1,200,000 sheep, and 113,000 pigs, all of which are now slaughtered in Paris, thus involving an immense additional expense that would be avoided by the conversion of the poor animals into "meat" prior to their being forwarded to the capital.

In connexion with the subject of food, it may be worth mentioning that some trials have been made at the Emperor's experimental farm near St. Cloud, to ascertain the influence of guano on the production of oats; and that it appears that 10 or 12 kilogrammes, brought into a liquid state, and the seed dipped into it, produced as much effect as twice the quantity spread over the ground in the ordinary way, and then harrowed in.

The important subject of temperature and climate are also coming in for investigation by the scientific. M. Babinet, of the French Institute, who has for some years past indulged in occasional prognostications concerning the weather, has just published an explanation of the facts that led him to foretell a severe winter for the present year. He says that, although meteorology is still in its infancy, one fact has been established beyond a doubt, viz.: that the dominant wind of France, and of most of Europe is the south-west, which carries the warm air of France to Russia. The dominant wind being ascertained, it is an acknowledged fact in meteorology, that the next strongest, or the subdominant wind is the opposite one, viz.: the north-east; so that after the Franco-Russian current we may expect the Russian-French one, which will bring the cold of Russia over here. It generally blows at uncertain intervals between November and March, and seldom continues longer than three or four weeks without interruption. This change from the warmer to the colder current is owing to the sun being now in the opposite hemisphere. For several years the south-western wind has been predominant: but since last year the counter current has given signs of reappearance; and being unable to force the dominant current, it has made its way by a circuitous route through the whole of southern Europe, and been accordingly felt with great severity at Constantinople. Hence, he declares, there is every reason to believe that it will also visit France.

Investigations concerning climate do not, however, exclusively occupy the attention of this learned body. Dr. Larcher, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, produced a curious specimen of anomalous formation, to wit: the body of a newborn kitten with three eyes and two tongues; also, in spirits, a human *rhinocephalus*, a poor little infant monstrosity, in which the nose absorbs nearly the whole of the face, the intermaxillary bones, together with the sockets of the front teeth, being attached to the nose, which is so enormously developed as to constitute nearly the entire face. M. Dufosse, in a paper just addressed to the same body, shows that certain fishes, especially the *Lyra* or Mstarmat, and the *Hippocampus*, or Sea-horse pipe fish, possess a peculiar sonorous organ on which they have the power of causing certain muscles to vibrate, thus producing sounds not unlike musical ones, which may be heard at a considerable distance. Thus are probably to be explained the stories of the mermen and syrens, whose songs were heard by mariners, and were believed to possess the power of luring their auditors down into the depths of the sea, where they were kept captive in the mysterious bowers of sea-plants, or in grottoes dazzling with jewels and pearls, inhabited by these half-human denizens of the waters.

But mermen and mermaidens, whatever the splendors of their liquid abodes, could they rise to *terra firma* and visit Paris just now, would find their estimate of the worth and rarity of their traditional jewels considerably diminished by a walk through the streets, and the inspection of the immense display of jewelry, of the most exquisite taste and workmanship, to be seen in the shop windows of the artistic and luxurious capital. And not only the "genuine" articles, as displayed by the great jewellers, would amaze their unsophisticated optics; the "imitations," as shown by the first-rate dealers in this branch, would throw them into still greater amazement. The method by which sham diamonds, rubies, sapphires, &c., are made to blaze with a lustre and purity of "water" that deceive the most experienced eyes, have been divulged, but are too technical to interest the general reader; on the other hand, the making of pearls is as easy as that of jewels is complicated. It appears that the scales of the bleak, possessing an iridescent lustre similar to that of pearls, are, by an ingenious process, reduced to a kind of lustrous paste, called *Essence de l'Orient*; small, hollow glass balls, imitating the various shapes and inequalities of pearls of the different classes, are coated inside with this paste, and then filled with white wax, and you have an assortment of pearls of every species, size, and shade, fully as beautiful as those produced by the oyster. A very remarkable result of pisciculture has been recently obtained in the Department of the Meurthe, where the enormous weight of 67,000 lbs. of bleak was taken from a very small stream; the scales of these fish being destined for the use of the manufacturers of artificial pearls.

The demand for these favorite ornaments has also led to a curious experiment which has been going on for the last two years in one of the government establishments of pisciculture, where beds of the pearl oyster have been formed, into which have been introduced a quantity of the shells of the oysters are the provoking cause of the formation of the beautiful objects so highly prized by the human race. The success of this experiment has not yet been made public; but it may be doubted whether it will rival that of the Paris manufacturers.

Second only to the excitement of the *etrennes*, is the interest created by the great match now being played, at the Cafe de la Regence, between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Andersen, the famous Breslau chess-player, begun two days ago, to the intense delight and excitement of all lovers of "the noble game" now in Paris. The latter, who is reputed to be the best player in Europe, arrived here a week ago, to measure strength with your victorious countryman: but Mr. Morphy being laid up with influenza, the struggle was necessarily deferred. Mr. Andersen therefore proposed to Mr. Harrwitz to play a few games together, in order to try their strength; an offer which was at once accepted, and the great rivals played five games, of which Mr. Andersen won two, Mr. Harrwitz one, the two others being drawn. The Cafe was so crammed during this contest that circulation was impossible. On the following evening the excitement among the chess-players rose to fever height, Mr. Harrwitz going through with the extraordinary mental exertion of playing eight games at the same time, without seeing the board in any one instance. The rooms of the Paris Chess Club were crowded with amateurs, eager to witness the feat, among them being the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Galitzin, Count de Casabianca, Mr. Andersen, and all the chess-players of any note in this part of the world. The play commenced at seven, and terminated about half-past two. The blindfold player won six games, and lost one, the remaining game being a draw. Mr. Harrwitz was enthusiastically congratulated by the spectators of this astonishing feat. He seemed but little fatigued, and remarked that he thought he could play a dozen games together as easily as eight.

These renowned chess-players are not the only "distinguished" visitors of which Paris has had to boast during the last week. The Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, has just made a flying visit to the Emperor, leaving Paris last evening for Nice, where several members of his family are spending the winter. The Grand Duke has been very cordially received by the Emperor; and received visits from Prince Jerome, and the Russian diplomatic body; but no public entertainment was offered him. It is generally thought that the Emperor Alexander will visit Napoleon in May; when of course a prodigious fuss will be made in his honor. It is also rumored that Queen Victoria, and the Queen of Spain, will visit the French Court at the same time; but this is evidently a rumor merely. The Queen, who has been having a complete Highland costume made for her youngest child, little Prince Arthur, the late Duke of Wellington's godson, has also had a similar one made as a Christmas present to the Prince Imperial. It is a very elegant affair, ornamented with no less than thirty-four buttons, each button having cost nearly five dollars. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the little fellow will be allowed by his adoring parents to assume these somewhat aerial garments at this inclement season, when half of Europe is laid up with influenza, and the other half with sore throats. The "Hope of France" appears to be in excellent health, notwithstanding the general indisposition; and is very wisely sent into the garden whenever a gleam of sunshine beams out from the upper murkiness. During the few hours of sunshine with which we were favored three days ago, the Emperor and the little Prince were to be seen in the garden, enjoying a famous game of romps; the Emperor alternately running after the child, or being run after by him, and the little fellow clapping his hands and shouting with delight as often as his papa allowed himself to be caught by him. QUANTUM.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 24, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—

Having left Savannah Sunday, the 19th instant, on board a steam "tug," we proceeded down the river to meet the steamship "Isabel" on her trip from Charleston to Havana. The wind was blowing fresh, and the waves running high, when the "Isabel" hove in sight, which caused those on the "tug" to query, how we were to board the ship? But "time made manifest;" a small boat was lowered and sent to us, and though after coming alongside, it rose and fell ten or twelve feet, as it came on a level passengers and baggage took their turn in being *pitched* in. I being the only lady, felt called upon to support the dignity of my sex, and must have succeeded, as Lieutenant General Scott, who was on board the Isabel, said, "You were very courageous, madam, very courageous;" whereupon I pocketed the compliment to sustain me in future trials. For the benefit of other lady travellers, I would advise them never to undertake to board a steamer at sea, but go to the starting point. There is very little chance for a smooth sea, and I consider it unwise to undertake it. We were informed it was easily accomplished, but my experience has taught me otherwise.

The "Isabel" is a fine ship, and we made a good trip. We arrived at Key West on Tuesday, the 21st, at ten, P. M., where we landed General Scott. We are building a large fort there. I understood the population of Key West to be about three thousand, and "wrecking" is the only business. After leaving Key West there was a general rush to get into our berths before we got into "the Gulf," and those were fortunate who succeeded. The Gulf was very rough. We rolled and pitched all night, and a very miserable set of individuals appeared on deck Wednesday morning to get a sight of Cuba. The sea is rough to the very entrance of the harbor—the spray dashes up against the forts in perfect fury. Morro Castle on one side, and a smaller fort on the other, guard the entrance.

Once within the harbor, and every thing and individual assumes a new aspect. You realize at once you are no more in America. The steamers are not allowed to enter the harbor before the sunrise or after the sunset gun is fired from the Morro Castle, and a guard-boat lies just within the bay. In case the gulf is very rough, they will allow a vessel to come to the guard-boat, but not to pass, if it is after or before the given time. Neither is the steamer allowed to go to the wharf, but anchors out, and very soon a boat with awning, containing the health officer and oarsmen in uniform, comes up to the side of our steamer, and landing the officer, waits for him till he discovers the state of our health, whereupon he retires. Then in similar style comes an officer for passports, and then the Custom-House officers. Meanwhile, boats and boatmen come crowding around, jabbering Spanish, hauling, pushing and shoving each other, all soliciting to land you, each pointing out the merits of his boat, as our hackmen do of their coaches. Each hotel has a boat engaged, and between them all, it is enough to craze the brain of a weak-minded traveller.

After reaching the Custom-House, where you are landed, the gentlemen have to visit an office which is partitioned off with iron bars, through which you have the privilege of receiving a landing permit in exchange for your passport, which the officer has taken from the boat. For this permit you pay two dollars. It matters not how much you have paid previously for your passports, that seems to be a matter between you and the Spanish Consul at whichever port you sail from; and the Cuban authorities pay no attention to it. The price of passports varies, depending altogether upon the Spanish Consul, this being one of their perquisites, they receiving no salary. Some of our friends starting from New Orleans, paid six dollars a-piece, whether lady or gentleman; while my husband had his old European passport visèd for two dollars, which let me go free. Unfortunately there were no ladies among us so favored as Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, who accompanied her husband on his late visit. When the officer came on board for passports, she, with her beautiful face upraised, informed him they had no passport, when the officer gallantly replied,

"Madam, your face is sufficient passport; you are welcome to go to every part of the island!"

The power of beauty is felt everywhere, but particularly in Cuba.

After getting permission to remove our baggage, we procured a vehicle to convey us to the American Hotel, kept by Mr. Wolcott. There were four of us seeking accommodations, but after riding three miles to Wolcott's, we could not procure rooms. We rode from place to place till three P. M., and then concluded to accept miserable accommodations. Meanwhile we had stopped at a café to lunch, and although we ate but little, the bill was five dollars. When we left our carriage, if it might be honored with the name, we were told that fourteen dollars was the price for carrying us and our baggage around—our baggage had followed on a sort of dray. The gentlemen protested against such a price, and finally paid eleven dollars, which we considered a pretty fair start with Havana prices.

Our ride over the city gave us a great deal of enjoyment. Everything was so novel. We were one large note of exclamation; and we said "oh!" so many times, the natives might have thought we were endeavoring to raise a whistle. Our American modesty we packed in our carpet bags, to be taken out after leaving the Island; for few children under four years of age were clothed, except in nature's dress. Some few had bobinet or Swiss mull slips, and some, at least eight years old, were not burdened with any garment. We saw one little girl who was dressed for railroad travel, in a large straw hat, heavily trimmed with flowers, slippers, and a bobinet slip.

The principal carriage, which is called the "volante," has a body like a chaise—the two wheels and the heavy axle are behind, the wheels being as large as the "driving wheels" of a locomotive, and coming up almost to the top of the "volante." From the dasher is a curtain which buttons to the top of the volante, to protect the riders from sunshine or rain. The horse is about six or eight feet from you. On him is a heavy saddle, quite as much as one of our "fancy" horses could carry. On the saddle sits a "*colored gentleman*," equipped in white pants, blue jacket (with white and red trimmings), straw hat, and a sort of slipper with very heavy boot legs coming above the knee (adorned with silver buckles). Through the open straps of the slipper you see his unstockinged feet. He wears heavy plated spurs, as large in circumference as a Spanish dollar. Each horse has his tail braided close from the roots to the end, and tied to one side, which accounts, I think, for their general thin appearance—for the very idea of flies biting a horse, who has not even a "bob tail" to brush them off with, is enough to make them thin.

Some "volantes" have two, some three horses attached to them. With three horses there are generally two riders; with two, the attendant rides the near horse, which being a half length ahead of the shaft horse, goes on a canter, while the other trots. Within, imagine ladies or gentlemen, black or white, full dress or otherwise, and you have an idea of the Havana style of riding. But enough for the present; I will leave further impressions for my next. A.

HANDSOME CHURCHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear me! how every one is down upon handsome churches! After hearing all that is *said* upon the subject, one would wonder how they ever come to be built.

For my part, if modern piety needs the stimulus of stained windows and cushioned pews to support it, I see no wickedness nor impropriety in administering it. There certainly was a beautiful degree of simplicity in our fathers' mode of worship—in the church in the woods, built always in close proximity to a pure, sparkling stream of water. There the dewy country people collected Sabbath after Sabbath, and after hitching their horses to a tree, grouped themselves about to discuss the doings of the week; the men enlarging upon the prospects for the wheat crop, or the ravages of the "Hessian fly;" while the women, many of them with children in their arms, handled domestic subjects, until the minister made his appearance among them, and they all entered the church—the old church! with high round pulpit and sounding-board, with its bare floor and hard pine benches, distressingly hard, as the memory of many a long hour spent thereon enables me to testify. There long-winded orthodoxy was disseminated in two sermons, and the regalement between the two was apple pie.—Apple pie is indissolubly connected in my mind with the Shorter Catechism and Presbyterianism generally.

But to go back to my starting point. That form of worship was beautiful in its fitness and simplicity, but it would no more suit the present age than it would suit a fashionable lady to do the family washing. Purple and fine linen spread out upon those dusty, turpentiney benches! Fastidious ears to be agonized by that nasal-twanged clerk, with his pitch pipe! No; give us churches to suit the times, with sufficient beauty of design and finish not to afford a dismal contrast to luxurious homes. Shall a man's own dwelling be furnished with every luxury that wealth can procure or taste devise, and shall he do nothing to embellish the earthly dwellings of the great Jehovah? When we have done our utmost, we can create nothing to compare in magnificence with Solomon's temple, built at the direct instigation of God.

It has been my good fortune to hear from those handsomely carved and velvet cushioned pulpits, the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity faithfully preached, and the homeliest and most unpalatable truths forced upon the "fashionable congregation." Does not this great outcry against expending money in beautifying churches, manifest a little of the Judas spirit, grumbling at the "waste" of the precious ointment poured upon the Saviour's feet? Does it arise from religion or covetousness? M. M. M.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—Dr. McChesney, of Trenton, N. J., a man of fine scholarship and great research, is responsible for the following remarkable incident in our revolutionary history. The success of Washington at Trenton has been generally considered as the turning point in the war of our independence. Yet few are perhaps aware upon how slight an event this great critical action was made to hinge. On the Christmas Eve, when Washington crossed the Delaware, Colonel Rahl, the commander of the Hessians, sat in a private room near Trenton, engaged in drinking wine and playing cards. A tory, who had discovered the movements of the American troops, sent a note by a special messenger to the Colonel, with orders to deliver it into his own hands.—The messenger found his way to the house, and a negro opened the door, but refused him admittance, took the letter and delivered it to the Colonel, who was just shuffling for a new game. Supposing the letter to be unimportant, or not stopping to think at all, he went on with his play; the reading of the letter would have thwarted the design of Washington. But the love of play conquered the Colonel's prudence, and gave success to a worthier cause, involving the loss of his life and army, and ultimately the freedom of the colonies. Little did the Colonel think, when he was shuffling the cards, that he was losing the greatest game that ever was played among the nations of the world.

☞ Lalande, the French astronomer, when the revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; and when he found, at the end, that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow-ruffians, he gratefully remarked, "I may thank my stars for it."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN TROUBLE—A CRISIS IN ITALY—FUNDS DEPRESSED, &c.

The Europa, at New York on the 22d, brings advices to the 8th—three days later.

The Emperor Napoleon's remark to the Austrian Minister still exercised a depressing effect, notwithstanding the soothing efforts of the *Moniteur*, the Emperor's official organ.

The advices from Italy indicate a rapidly approaching crisis.

The Paris Bourse at one time had declined 2¼ since the new year, but was now improving.

On the 7th inst., the Paris *Moniteur* published the following paragraph:

"For several days public opinion has been agitated by alarming reports, which it is the duty of the Government to put a stop to by declaring that nothing in the diplomatic relations authorizes the fears which these reports tend to provoke."

This caused a slight improvement in the funds both at Paris and London, but it was only temporary, and all the improvement was subsequently lost.

It is reported that the French Government has sent a very threatening note to Austria, warning her of the consequences of Austrian troops crossing the Servian frontiers.

The accounts from Italy are very alarming. Austria is sending strong reinforcements into Lombardy, where her garrisons are already on a war footing.

An outbreak was anticipated at Milan. It was rumored, but the rumor had not been confirmed, that that city was in a state of siege, and that great agitation existed likewise at Cremona, Modena and elsewhere.

A scuffle is reported to have taken place between the Austrian and Hungarian soldiers at Cremona.

Further details of the debate in the Spanish Chamber, on President Buchanan's message, show that O'Donnell expressed great surprise at the proposition in regard to Cuba, and declared that the Government was disposed to demand satisfaction for such an insult. He declared, emphatically, that Spain would never sell any of her territory.

Austria had abandoned the project of concentrating an imposing force on the Servian frontier. Great depression prevailed at Vienna.

The object of the recent conspiracy at Cracow was to recover the independence of the Republic. It was rumored, but not credited, that Russia had succeeded in negotiating a loan of several millions sterling with the Rothschilds.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 7.—The cotton market closed with a declining tendency. Uplands are offered freely, but holders show no disposition to press sales. They have declined 1-16@⅛d. Orleans is steady.

Richardson, Spence & Co's circular reports the flour market dull. Wheat firm, and holders demand an advance of 1@2d. Sales of White Western at 6s@6 9d. White Southern at 6s 9d@7s 6d. Corn quiet; mixed 28@29s.

Beef heavy. Holders are pressing on the market, while the demand is limited and prices weak. Pork quiet. Bacon do. Lard do., and sales at 53s 6d@56s.

Coffee firm. Rice (Carolina) heavy. Rosin firm, and common has still further advanced; sales 4s 11d@5s 6d. Spirits of Turpentine closed firm at 38s 6d@39s.

LONDON MARKETS.—Meat advanced 1@2d. Sugar quiet.

The money market continues depressed. Consols are quoted at 96¼@76¾ for money and account. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £180,000 during the week.

American securities are in good demand and the market firm. There was rather less demand for money.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices continue favorable. The markets closed firm but less active for yarns.

THINGS at the worst will cease, or e'en climb upward
To what they were before. —*Shakspeare.*

☞ A person was remarking the other day how very cheap everything has got. "Not everything," replied a friend. "Why, what is not?" "Woman." "Oh, I forgot—women are always dear!"

☞ Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets-full, so you should not argue over much.

☞ Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

☞ Coolness, and absence of heat and haste, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—*Emerson.*

THE one remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows flee.
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
—*Shelley.*

☞ Two young men were discussing women the other day, at the ——— Hotel, and one was endeavoring to convince the other, that to the fair sex man owed all his comfort. "They are, indeed," he remarked, "the primeval cause of human happiness." "No doubt," was the rejoinder, "they are the *prima causa* themselves."

☞ Times of calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced in the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

☞ ONE OF THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—Being beaten in argument, and afterwards thinking of some happy retort or very appropriate joke, which would have smashed your adversary to smithereens.

☞ It is stated that a certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster Row, a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bibliopole declined, with a shake of the head, saying, "My dear sir, we have got too many treatises on our hands already."

☞ VALUE OF A WIT.—A wit is a priceless man for a community; not a scandal-monger, a heel biter, a detractor, a cynic, whose own happiness in life being spoilt is bent upon making others miserable, but a genial, benevolent reformer, a wholesome and winning though caustic surveyor of events. People breathe more freely when they know there is such a man in the ascendant; for wicked men will be afraid of him, weak men will strive to be stronger, and quacks will not have it all their own way.

☞ It is said that a Yankee baker has invented a kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only eight ounces.

☞ Mind you, a child is not a wooden top, that you can make come round, as you will, by whipping it.—*Punch.*

☞ A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American magazine, was much startled and exclaimed: "How very fat your women are."

☞ Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men, too—what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ There exists in the consolation given by a woman, a delicacy which has always something motherly, far-sighted and complete; but when, to these words of peace and hope are joined the grace of gesture, that eloquence of love which goes to the heart, and particularly when the benefactress is beautiful, it is impossible to resist.—*Balzac.*

☞ Is every crazy tenement necessarily a mad-house?

☞ The most terrible specimen of a bear that we ever heard tell of, is mentioned in the following spirited verse which we clip from a Western poem:

"There was a jolly woodman
Was standin' by a tree,
When he spied an awful big bear
A coming right at he!
The bear was rampageous,
The foam was on his lip,
And full a yard of prairie
He cleared at every skip!"

☞ Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—*Locke.* Yes, "good company" alone, has *finished* many a gentleman.—*Ed. Post.*

☞ It's not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.—*Clarendon.* Still, a sufficiency of meat is desirable—or else you have instead of a *feast* a *fast.*—*Ed. Post.*

☞ A tourist in his rambles once met with Walton seated on the arm of a tree, rod in hand. "Well, Izaak, what are you doing in that dangerous place?" he inquired. "Fishin," was all the reply Walton made. "Fishing, you mean," said the other. "Yis," and Walton closed his lips more tightly. "What have you in your mouth, Izaak?" asked the gentleman. Walton, emptying his mouth into the palm of his hand, "Nothing but worms for bait."

WHEN Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was perhaps in the right, if rightly understood),
His life he to his doctrines brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought.
Whoever a *true* Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
—*Cowley.*

☞ SMILES.—There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate; a satiric smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.—*Haliburton.*

WHAT I GAVE MY WIFE FOR A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—I presume there would be some little disappointment if I omitted to inform my readers, after making them participators in my search after a pertinent New Year's Gift for my wife, what I really did give her as a souvenir of my continued, unfailing and ever-increasing affliction. During the past week I have been very busy trying to find something which would be acceptable, and on New Year's Day the gifts of friends to her were so numerous, that I went to my place of business a very sad and a very unhappy man. It was quite late when I reached my desk, which was covered with letters and notes, and in hopes that each contained a remittance, I began to open them rapidly. Letter No. 1 contained a bill for dry goods; letter No. 2 a bill for bonnets; letter No. 3 a bill for shoes, and over thirty out of sixty-one were gentle reminders that little ones will wear out clothes, that a wife requires garments, and that a household has its expenses. Some husbands, no doubt, have groaned inwardly to-day from these same quarterly afflictions, but there is a philosophy of life which is applicable even to bills. I thought how much larger they might have been, I rubbed my hands with delight when I saw that the doctor's bill was only $13, and the shoe bill, which was large, was only indicative of the general health of the family. At this moment a happy thought struck me. I filed the bills neatly, put the names of the persons to whom they were due, with the amounts, on the backs, and having made a very neat package, I enclosed a check for the sum total, and sent it home with this inscription:—

MY WIFE'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.
January 1, 1859.
—*Boston Gazette.*

THE MIDDY PRINCE.—Young Prince Alfred, of England, having chosen to enter the naval service, has recently made his first voyage as "middy," and has received royal receptions and other welcome demonstrations at various ports where the ship in which he sailed has touched. The English press takes exception to such honors being paid to one as humble as a middy. The London Times expresses its desire that the Prince, instead of being a strange compound of "Mr. Midshipman Easy and of the princely hero of a Court Circular," should become a skillful and self-reliant seaman; and adds:—"He was sent out to be trained to salt water, and it is upon rose water that his first lesson in navigation is taking place. What has a young middy to do with royal receptions and royal salutes and royal fiddle faddles of every description? If he be treated from the first as the Queen's son, and not as a midshipman of the Euryalus, he may be nominally promoted in the service as an incident of his birth, but he will never be fit to take the royal yacht across from Portsmouth to Osborne without a real sailor at his elbow."

THE CHICAGO HEIRESS.—The Chicago Tribune says the name of the young lady who proves to be heir to an immense fortune is Lydia R. Schooley, and not Mary. Her uncle died in England, leaving an immense estate. His death occurred in 1790. His heirs were advertised for in the London Times, but never appeared, and the property went to the crown, and has been accumulating ever since his death. The grandfather of Miss Schooley came to this country wealthy, leaving wealthy parents in the west of England. The amount of the estate is not, of course, known, but will probably prove a splendid legacy. Miss Schooley receives the intelligence of her good fortune in a modest and becoming manner, and continues to fulfill her duties as a seamstress, as if the event was not of the least importance to her.

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

(CONCLUDED.)

A STORY OF SUDDEN WEALTH.

Sam was sent to school, and Mr. Simpson, after one or two further interviews with the Messrs. Grindles, went down, by advice of those gentlemen, and in company with the junior of the firm, to Barton End; not, of course, as yet to take possession, but from a very natural wish to renew at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge, of his cousin's death, and his own succession.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that was a step which he himself by no means approved of; and as the Messrs. Grindles gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And if her proposal, in any degree, savored of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to atone for it, by ordering the deepest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would no doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John in the highest degree, and have almost reconciled him to his fortunate representatives, if he could have overlooked his sorrowing relative giving directions to her milliner to have "everything of the very best, and just as if it was for a brother," and have felt the thickness of the silks, and measured the depth of the crape.

So leaving Mrs. Simpson thus dutifully engaged, her husband went down into Surrey with the junior Mr. Grindle in his dog-cart.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them in.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer; Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usually joyous spirits, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long-hoped-for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting-house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting-house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though his uncle had never done more than express himself as quite satisfied, he found that when a fair opportunity offered of advancing him, he was not forgotten. His cousins would no doubt in time become members of the firm, but they were young; and George found himself now promoted to a vacancy which the father knew he was at present much better qualified to fill. It offered but a very modest income to marry upon, certainly; but Mary had no grand ideas; and George thought that even the *Times'* minimum income for young couples would bear reduction. At any rate he ran down to Portland Terrace (eager as he was, not a sixpence would he waste in cab-hire), and rushed in very wet and very happy to rejoice and consult with Mary. Mrs. Simpson was in her own room, very busy with the dressmaker; Augusta, who was a good-natured girl enough, and very fond of her sister, and willing also no doubt to do as she would be done by, found she had something to look after in the kitchen; though her conscience smote her afterwards for weakly allowing her feelings to interfere with her duty, having fully adopted her mother's views, at a conference held the evening before, that it would be a thousand pities now, when Mary might do so well, and form an undeniable connection, "to your advantage, you know, my dear, as well," said the thoughtful mother, "for her to go and throw herself away upon that young Harrison." The coast being clear, however, Mary and her lover had a good three-quarters of an hour to themselves before Mrs. Simpson knew he was in the house; and how much may be said and done in three-quarters of an hour judiciously employed! On the stage, a whole *petite comedie*, comprehending at least two pairs of lovers and their fortunes, is performed within the time; in real life, all that is worth remembering in the long dull drama of existence, for either man or woman, is often played out in less; the rest of it—scenes, characters, and dialogue—might be all cut out without destroying the interest, if not with advantage to the lookers-on. But for the two young hearts now beating near each other (very near indeed it was) in Mrs. Simpson's parlor, though without her sanction, the grand act of life had been played already, long since; it was only the winding-up of the piece which they had to settle, and that was soon done. If Mary didn't think it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. If George thought they could manage, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments are admitted on both sides; or rather, both sides are one. If any unpleasant suggestion—one of the prudence party—intrudes itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she had not told him before—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children," in her pure innocence she said—he might—she was sure he would—do all he fairly could for her. And George was almost angry with her for having anything to promise him besides herself.

Three-quarters of an hour was it? why it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock had stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snappish, and not so much inclined for gossip as usual; *her* young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three-quarters of an hour it was though, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that very night; he "had rather go," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gowns fitted admirably, and being what the dressmaker called "rather jolly"—which only implies that which in politer language is called well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper-time, that George had been there, neither spoilt her temper nor her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but she would lose no time in having a talk with Mary. So when she had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she should have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and how he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side-speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was with her, she had seen no difficulties in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good-humored banter which she had grown accustomed to on the same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm of anger which burst upon her. Never had Mrs Simpson been seen so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three-quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dressmaker for having come at that particular crisis—an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and change of manner, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved value in the matrimonal market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew, had an honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pressing his suit now because there was money in the case, and however unreasonable the accusation, his pride might take offence. Then Mary might go into the country, out of his way; and so in time, this unlucky love might go the way of many others, become one more of those little sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—mites in the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the offerers more costly than "all their living"—and be gradually reduced, with hymns and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high-priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and as a woman you ought to have known it. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for herself quietly; however cruel and unwarrantable she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been her only reply that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson paused for breath after an alternation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low, mercenary creature," having declared her own firm belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?"

Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she had meant to say it, and had said it; and she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its untruth.

"Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly on her arm, "don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, for either of us. We can't go back. Oh, that this miserable money had never come between us!" For Mary saw it all now.

"You've been took in, Mary; took in by a swindler, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

Spirit! it was not spirit which poor Mary wanted just then. She wanted patience, which is harder to find. If the mother had never understood her daughter before, she had unlocked some startling secrets now. In the usually calm, sweet face, now flashing crimson, and then changing to dead white, there was neither maiden shame nor girlish fear of her mother's anger, but burning indignation, and fixed defiance. Mrs. Simpson was not a wise woman, even in a worldly sense; she understood the symptoms, she was frightened, but she was not to be mastered by her own daughter, in her own house. She was undeniably right; and like many other persons when undeniably right, she was wrong.

"Say what you will of me, mother, and I'll bear it, if I can; but don't dare to slander *him*!"

"Dare! hey-day! I'll dare him to come inside my doors again, that's what I will!"

"There shall be no need, mother; I can go to him."

Both had said a good deal more now than they had meant to say. Mary's was one of those quiet answers which rather increase wrath than turn it away. Her mother's indignation stifled her words. She could only gasp out something like, "Very well, ma'am—very well!" when Mary rushed up stairs to her room, and sat down in an agony of wounded feeling, to which even a flood of tears brought no relief. It was all so sudden, so little deserved! and all because of a little money! But though she never slept that night, she lay very still and quiet, and never disturbed her sister. She had no one there who understood her, none to whom to open her grief. But her resolution was taken; and long before the family breakfast-hour she had dressed hastily, packed up quietly a few absolute necessaries out of her wardrobe, and taking them in her own hand, leaving Betsy in wide astonishment as she glided by her in the passage, she had reached the nearest cab-stand, and asked to be driven to her aunt's at Brixton.

Aunt Martha, she thought, would give her sympathy at all events, and a little counsel for the actual present. For the future, she meant to ask no one's counsel but George's. If he would take her to him, there she was; never so wretched and miserable as now, to be sure, but never so much needing the love and care which he had so often promised. She was not ashamed of her love for him now; he had been wronged, insulted. She did not consider it was only the senseless violence of an angry woman; she would scarcely have minded rushing in to him in his uncle's presence, and crying—

"George, here I am: pity me and love me; no one else will, because I love you."

She hardly knew how she got into her aunt's pretty sitting-room. She did not understand the servant, till she had told her twice that her aunt was gone from home.

"Yes, Miss, gone to nurse old Mrs. Manson for two or three days, while her niece is away. Old Mrs. Manson's very bad, I do suppose, Miss."

Well, she must sit down at least, and calm herself. She would write to George at once. But what to say? When could sorrow, shame, and outraged feelings ever shape themselves into the letters of any discovered alphabet? She wrote and tried to read what she had written, and tore it into fragments. She bent her aching head upon her hands, and waited for the troubled thoughts to still themselves. But they would not. Then she rose and went to the window that looked out into the road. But what a merciful ordering it is, that the most trifling outward object catches the eye at such moments, and delivers us for a few instants from ourselves! A coach was passing towards the great city. It was a gentle ascent, and at the moment a boy with a very small bundle let himself gently down from behind. Not so quickly though, but that the watchful driver caught sight of him when he reached the ground.

"Hallo, young chap!" he shouted, "fare's a shilling, if you please!"

"All right, coachman, all right!" and the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"All right! I'm blest if it is though!—think you're going to ride all the way from Croydon here for nothing, ye young rascal?"

The driver pulled up his horses, and looked after his flying "fare" for a few seconds, as if he had a great mind to get down from his box and give chase; but as the boy was active and had a fair start, and time was probably valuable, he shouted a few good-humored threats after him, and drove on.

Mary had looked after him, too, with such utter astonishment that her own troubles were forgotten. Her eyes had tears in them, to be sure; but there was no mistaking the personal identity of Master Samuel. She flew to the street door, and could just see his figure in the distance. The coach turned the corner in the opposite direction, and then the boy appeared to stop, and to be watching whether any one was coming in pursuit. He began slowly to retrace his steps towards the door where Mary was standing, and Mary hardly waited for him to be within reasonable distance to wave her handkerchief in the hope of attracting his attention. The movement seemed rather a suspicious one to the fugitive, for he halted and reconnoitred afresh. Mary ran towards him, unbonneted as she was, and at last Samuel recognized a friend. He was hurried into the house, and questioned as well as his sister's agitation would allow her.

Samuel had run away from school.

"I ain't going to black Binns's boots, for spend all my money in buying paunches to feed his dog, nor to have nuts cracked on my head with Vardy's dict'nary, nor have my tea stirred with a tallow candle, nor be locked up on a half-holiday. I cut away this morning—me and another did."

"Where was he going to now?" Mary asked.

"Well, I was coming here first, to see what aunt Martha'd say, and then I'm going home to mother. I rode all the way from Croydon here, you see, but I hadn't got a sixpence.—Vardy said he'd skin me if I didn't lend him all I had left, so I jumped off by here, you see, without paying; didn't I manage it prime?—What'll mother say, do you think, Mary?"

Mary could have told him that Mrs. Simpson was not likely at present to give him a very warm welcome. But a sudden thought had struck her. She would take Samuel with her—even he was a sort of protection, and a fellow culprit—and go down at once to her father at Barton End. She would tell him everything, and follow his advice faithfully, for he would never urge her to give up George.

Samuel was delighted with the proposal: Mrs. Simpson's moods were uncertain with all her family; and it was quite a matter of speculation with him during his flight, whether she would kiss and pity him on his arrival, or send him to bed in preparation for the early coach back to the hated school in the morning. And to go down to Barton End!—it was worth running away for, even if the master flogged him (he couldn't think Vardy really meant to skin him) when he was sent back. The old pony might be living in the park still, possibly. Of course he should like to go to Barton End.

It was ascertained upon inquiry that a coach would pass in the afternoon, which would set down Mary and her brother soon after dark within a mile of the house. Samuel was in terror lest the coachman should be his old acquaintance of the morning; but even he should be propitiated, Mary assured him, by an extra shilling. The boy's company had already done her good. She listened to all his school troubles, and promised that if he went back, and was a good boy, the absolute power of Binns and Vardy should be modified. It was strange, Mary thought, that even these boys should begin thus early to torment each other; she wondered whether there was any happiness anywhere in this world! Samuel was ravenously hungry, having run away without his breakfast, which reminded Mary that she had done the same; appetite is very infectious, and she was indebted to his example for not refusing entirely, as she felt very much disposed to do, the extempore luncheon which aunt Martha's maid was quite ashamed of, but which Master Simpson pronounced to be prime. Mary wrote a hasty note to Augusta, to say she was gone to her father, and rather longer ones, not nearly so intelligible, to George and to her aunt, and took her seat in the coach with a sinking heart. It was a miserable journey this looked-for visit to Barton End: she dreaded the very sight of it. What would her poor father say? Mary had never given him one moment's trouble. He had been fond of saying so to her when they were alone; she was his heart's pride and delight. He would think her right, she was sure; but must she be the wretched instrument of breaking up all his family happiness? Still, she never hesitated or repented for one instant. She must be true to George. She would never have suffered herself to think of him: would have smothered her first feelings towards him as she might, had either father or mother forbidden their intimacy; would give him up even now, if he was—what he had been called that morning; so she stepped out in the dark evening on the strange road where the turn to Barton was, with a weak and tottering step, but with as strong a heart as when she had said to her mother, "I can go to him."

It was a long, lonely mile to Barton End, but a straight road, the coachman had said, and she had famous company. For Samuel had begged to go outside, and for the last few miles had sat on the box, had heard wondrous tales of horses, and taken the coachman into his confidence as to his running away, and informed him of his prospective ownership of Barton End, and, in short, talked in such magnificent style as must have abashed Binns & Co. forever, could they but have heard him.—But he was very quiet now—partly from some misgivings as to the meeting with his father, and partly because Mary clasped his hand so tight, and trembled so, and walked so very fast, and then stopped for breath, that Samuel was rather frightened. He little knew that in the eyes of the world, poor Mary was by far the greater culprit of the two. He began again at this last moment, as he had done before during the day, to enlist her on his side against the offended powers.

"I say, Polly dear, say a good word for me; don't let 'em send me back again straight, as they did one boy, and they kept him on bread and water for a week, and flogged him twice every day, and he went and drowned himself, and there's his bones plain in the well now, and his ghost comes up every Saturday night in the bucket."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sam," said his sister, though she scarcely heard the words.

"Well, but Vardy told me so, and he showed me something white down in the water, and told me to go and draw the bucket up on a Saturday night, but I dars'n't."

Possibly the increasing gloom of the lane had its effect on Samuel's nerves, which were not of the strongest; however, they reached the entrance to the house without difficulty or adventure.

Mr. Grindle had returned from a long day's shooting, and found Mr. Simpson awaiting him at a late dinner; rather moped, if the truth must be told, and longing to be at home at tea with his family. The two gentlemen sat down *tete-a-tete*, Mr. Grindle doing the honors. Mr. Simpson found his position rather embarrassing; he was neither master nor guest. He was drinking the agent's wine, kept under private lock and key in preparation for his periodical visits, and eating the salmon brought down in ice in his dog-cart. He would not have ventured himself to give an order in the house for the world. Mr. Grindle, it is true, referred to him continually, most distinctly and pointedly, as "poor Mr. John's cousin," but he felt that the sour-looking old servant would, at a word from that gentleman, have kicked him out of the front door, and, as he fancied, with pleasure. It was quite true—so he would; and Mr. Grindle after him, and Mr. John Simpson, had he had the chance, after them both, or any other visitor by right or by invitation, who interfered with his own personal ease and quiet; but to poor Mr. Joseph it seemed that the sour looks were levelled specially at him.

It might be that both gentlemen were tired, or that they did not find each other's conversation very agreeable, or that, as the lawyer observed, there was something sleepy in the air; for, after a very languid attempt at conversation, they forgot to pass the bottle, and fell fast asleep in their respective easy-chairs. They were roused by a startling peal from the hall bell, (nervous hands always pull hard) echoing loudly through the almost empty house.

"Rather late for a visitor," said Mr. Grindle; "hope none of my clients have followed me down here."

The hall-door was opened, there was a preliminary negotiation audible in the passage, and then the sour-visaged domestic ushered in "Miss Simpson." Mr. Grindle looked astonished, as he rose and bowed. Mr. Simpson jumped up in alarm.

"Anything the matter at home, Mary?" said the father, in a trembling voice.

She forgot Mr. Grindle; perhaps never saw him. She rushed forward, and fell on her knees with one loud sob at her father's feet.

Perhaps Mr. Grindle could not, strictly speaking, have been called a gentleman. He was a man, at all events, which is sometimes just as good. He was astonished, he was very pardonably curious, but he walked straight out of the room. It was a case, as he could have phrased it, quite out of his line of business. He walked straight out, rather in a hurry, and the passage was rather dark. There he stumbled over a boy.

"Who are you?" said he, shaking him rather roughly, by way of giving vent to his agitated feelings, "who the deuce are you?"

"Don't," said a pleading voice—"don't; I'm Sam."

"Sam who?"

"Sam Simpson."

"Curse it," said the lawyer, "here's the whole family come."

"And what on earth are you doing here, boy, skulking in the passage? If you want to see your father, why don't you go to him?"

"Oh? 'cause I've ran away; and she's gone to tell him about Binns."

"Ran away? where from? and why did you run here? and who's Binns?"

But if there had been any hope, in his then state of agitation, of Samuel's giving intelligible answers to this sharp fire of questions, he was at all events spared the trial, for at that moment the hall bell went again, as loudly as before.

"Go it," said Mr. Grindle, with a sort of sneering defiance; "ring louder."

Samuel had not the slightest doubt that the Philistines were upon him—that the whole staff of Lindley House, professors of all branches, native Parisians and Germans, drawing, writing, fencing, and calisthenic masters (most of whom he had never seen, but they looked terrible in the prospectus,) with Binns and Vardy probably as volunteers, were baying on his track, and that he was to be dragged back to increased tortures.

"Let go my coat-tails, sir. (Sam had fastened on him in his agony.) "What's the matter with the boy? don't howl in that way, go to your father, d'ye hear? Sorry to keep you waiting, I'm sure," said the lawyer, again addressing the door with a bitter politeness; for either the old servant was slow, or the new visitor impatient, and there was another peal along the passage. Sam was under the hall table now. The old servant came across the hall, looking sourer than ever.

"More company, Zachary," said Mr. Grindle; "are your beds all aired?" Zachary's face might have expressed disgust, but that was its usual expression, and he was too much afraid of the lawyer to reply, or, perhaps, too intensely indignant.

He opened the door, however, and a tall, young man inquired for Mr. Joseph Simpson.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said Zachary. It must have been a great satisfaction to him to answer by a counter-question, for the gentleman was evidently impatient.

"Mr. Harrison."

Zachary vouchsafed no verbal answer, but allowed him to walk in. George caught sight of Mr. Grindle as he was retreating, and addressed his next question to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you no doubt can tell me—is Mary—is Miss Simpson here with her father?"

"Well," said the lawyer, after taking a rapid survey of his questioner, which appeared satisfactory, for there was something less of irritation in his tone, "I think I may say she is. Has *she* run away?"

"Sir!" said George, firing up.

"Oh! no offence, I beseech you; but really the family movements are rather puzzling. You see this young gentleman—eh! what's become of him now?"

Reassured by George Harrison's well-known voice, Samuel took courage to emerge from under the table.

George looked, if possible, more puzzled than Mr. Grindle. "Well," said the latter, in a tone that implied he gave the thing up altogether—"I think I'll go to bed—give me a candle, Zachary. You'll find Mr. Simpson in there."

Mary had laid all her griefs before her father. Her mother's violence was not so overwhelming to him as it had been to her. He was more really vexed, though he did not say so, at Mary's imprudent step than at his wife's foolish language; a few hasty words more or less would have made very little impression upon good-humored Mr. Simpson. But he was not in love, had not heard blasphemy spoken against his idol, as poor Mary had. He soothed and comforted her as well as he could, though he was sadly at a loss for words; it would all come right by-and-by. At all events Mary and George had his consent, and they must be patient; but he ended by wishing with her that cousin John's property had gone somewhere else. "We wasn't rich, Mary, but we was very comfortable as we was."

"Oh, yes, dear father, oh, yes!" and Mary began to sob again, though the tears were not so bitter; when she started at the sound of a voice and a step in the hall, and grew as pale again as marble. Why was it, that when George entered the room, she turned from him and hid her face on her father's shoulder, instead of flying into his arms for shelter as she had longed to do a few hours ago!

He had left town the instant he received her note—so hurried and incoherent that he scarcely gathered more from it than that she was in trouble, and that he should find her with her father at Barton End. Had she asked him to come to her?—she could not remember now; had she done wrong?—she began to fear it now. Mr. Simpson held out his hand at once, with the old cordial greeting, "George, my boy!" Indeed, he was delighted to see him, and would have transferred his daughter at once to one who was probably more at home, or at least had more modern experience, in such scenes than himself; but Mary clung close, and never looked up or spoke.

Again the hall bell rang; not so loud, this time; but Harrison had left the dining-room door open, and Sam once more in a state of alarm, rushed in to his bewildered parent, and exclaimed,

"Oh! father, father! here's a carriage drove up!"

"I'll bet a shilling," said Mr. Simpson, "it's your mother, Polly! Never mind, my girl, cheer up."

Mary looked up, and put her hand in George's. Nobody thought of Sam; but he felt great comfort at the suggestion. Chains and bolts were withdrawn, amidst audible mutterings from Zachary. It was not a lady's voice; it was not Mrs. Simpson, for Samuel rushed out to see, and came back looking more scared than ever. Old Zachary looked into the room, with a hideous smile, and announced very distinctly

MR. JOHN BURRSON!

A stout, dark complexioned, but good-humored-looking man walked full into the middle of the room, and bowed comprehensively to all the party, with something of foreign grace—at least without English awkwardness. He looked as little alarming as a man of six feet, with a good deal of hair about him, could well do; but it may be supposed that the company were not a little startled. Certainly few gentlemen were ever so received in their own house. Mary felt inclined to scream, but only broke into a low hysterical laugh. He seemed to enjoy their intense astonishment.

"Ha! ha!" he burst out at last, for no one else spoke—"quite a family party, I conclude. Come, I'll tell you what—I'm glad to see you all; I've not seen a soul of my own name or kin for fifteen years—don't look strange at me because I'm come home."

"John!" said his cousin, finding voice at last—"John! I'm heartily glad to see you—welcome home!"

The other looked at him for a moment—they were keener eyes than Mr. Joseph Simpson's. "Joe," said he—there was no mistaking the honest face—"Joe, I believe it!" and he dashed his hand into his cousin's, and turned his head aside for a moment—perhaps to look at Sam.

"I'm very sorry, Joe; not sorry I'm alive, you know that can't be helped; but sorry you've been disappointed. I called at Grindles', and they told me all about it. Never mind, Joe; the old place shall be a home for you and yours; and you'll forgive me for coming back."

Mr. Joe Simpson made no reply; he never was a good hand at speeches. He turned his head away, now; probably to see what Mary was about. "That's your daughter, Joe," continued Mr. John, who was much the most at home, as he had best right to be. "I never thought any of our lot would have shown so much blood. Gad, what a sweet sight it is to see an English girl's face," and he proceeded to mark his appreciation of the opportunity by a very emphatic kiss, for which he made a very proper apology, but Mary would have been quite content without. "And this your eldest son—how these young ones run up; a'nt an atom like you, Joe, my boy! but a very fine young fellow;" and he shook George heartily by the hand, to which George as heartily responded; he had not the least objection to be taken for one of the family. "But what's this, my dear," said he to Mary, from whom in truth he had hardly taken off his eyes—"what's this? you've been crying!"

What could poor Mary do, but cry again? His voice was so kind: he looked so inquiringly into her eyes; he took her hand so gently. This was cousin John! Oh! how glad she was there was to be no more rejoicing over his money!

"I shan't cry any more, now you are come back," she said.

"Now, no humbug," said cousin John; "you didn't cry for me, you know; what's this all about, eh!"

He was told all about it. In half an hour, cousin John and his heirs-expectant were the best friends in the world. He was taken into everybody's confidence; what he whispered to Mary no one ever knew, unless she has told George Harrison now they are married. He promised to go back with Sam to school, and to skin Vardy, if necessary, in case a magnificent supper to the whole fraternity of Lindley House should not be found sufficient (with a quiet hint to the doctor) to insure Sam's future popularity without having recourse to that extreme measure. By the time the faithful Zachary had informed Mr. Grindle of his principal's arrival in flesh and blood, and that gentleman had made himself up to come down stairs, cousin John Simpson had been restored to his own again without a heartburning or a grudge from any one of his disinherited relations. Over Mrs. Simpson's and Augusta's disappointment, we prefer to draw a veil. They bore it like women, and said they "always knew cousin John would turn up again."

"You haven't told us, Mr. John," said Grindle, "how this strange mistake arose, after all?"

"It comes of doing things by halves;" and he took a colonial newspaper out of his pocket, and pointed out this paragraph to Mr. Grindle.

"On the 11th ultimo, at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on his passage home, Mr. John Simpson, Her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar, *to Celestine Sophie, relict of the late Count de Leon Savigny, Colonel in the Austrian Service.*"

"They put in only half the announcement, you see, and so it got among the deaths, and was copied into the English papers. I made them print it here with an apology. It was rather a sudden thing," continued Mr. John, "and I couldn't come off at once by the Formosa; I only landed last night. She's a very fine woman, and can't speak a word of English, so there'll be no family quarrels, Joe; and mind what I say, here's a country house for you and yours as long as it stands."

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson have no family; and Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison are their constant guests.

KING COAL.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
"I'll move the world," quoth he;
"My England's high, and rich and great,
But greater she shall be!"
And he called for the pick, and he called for the spade,
And he called for his miners bold;
"And it's dig," he said, "in the deep, deep earth,
You'll find my treasures better worth
Than mines of Indian gold."

II.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he;
And he said, "I've found what I've desired,
Though 'tis but one of three."
And he called for water, and he called for fire,
For smiths and workmen true:
"Come, build me engines great and strong;
We'll have," quoth he, "a change ere long;
We'll try what steam can do."

III.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
"'Tis fairly done," quoth he,
When he saw the myriad wheels at work
O'er all the land and sea.
They spared the bones and strength of men,
They hammered, wove, and spun;
There was nought too great, too mean, or small,
The giant STEAM had power for all:
His task was never done.

IV.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
Quoth he, "We travel slow;
I should like to roam the wide world round
As fast as the wild winds blow."
And he called for his skillful engineers:
And soon through hills and vales,
O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning passed,
On the ribs of the mighty rails.

V.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he;
May he never fail in the land we love
Who has made us great and free.
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
And our name and our fame, and our might and our right,
In the front of the world shall stand.

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

CHAPTER II.

The rejoicings at the christening of an heir to the goodly estate of the Rock were beginning to die away in neighboring ears. The bonfires were burnt out, the ashes of the fireworks scattered to the far winds, the tenants and laborers had digested the dinner and the drink, and things had quietly settled down again. Such rejoicings! both in-doors and out; and all because a poor little infant had come into this world of trouble.

Legally speaking, he was not born the heir; for the estate was not entailed, and Mr. Canterbury could bequeath it to whom he would. Little danger, though, that he would leave it away from this child of his old age; no urchin, playing at soldiers in a sword and feather bought at the fair, was ever half so vain-glorious as was Mr. Canterbury over this new baby.

About the time of Mr. Canterbury's marriage, a new rector had been appointed to the village living; the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort. He was a man of some five-and-thirty years, good-looking, pleasant, companionable, and an attachment had sprung up between him and Jane Canterbury. His father, Lord Rufort, had not objected to the match, though he told his son he might have done better, in point of family. Austin laughed; his reverence for rank was not so extreme as his father's.

It was a fine night in October. The rejoicings, we say, which had kept the place alive, had died away, and Mr. Rufort was spending the evening with the Misses Canterbury in their little house; to maintain which their father allowed them fifteen hundred a year. They had drawn away from the lights to collect round the large French window of the drawing-room, which opened to the ground, and admire the beauty of the night, so calm and still in the clear moonlight. It was time for Mr. Rufort to be leaving.

"I will go out this way, as I am here," he observed, opening the half of the window, when he had shaken hands with them.

"But your hat," said Miss Canterbury. "Ring, Millicent."

"Do not ring; I have it here," he interposed, taking from his pocket a cloth cap, doubled up into a small compass. "There," said he, exhibiting it on his hand for their inspection, "what do you think of it? I call it my weather cap. If I am fetched out at night, I put on this, tie its ears over my ears, and so defy wind and rain."

"You had no wind or rain to-night," said Millicent, the youngest of the sisters.

"No. But in coming out I could not find my hat. It is a failing of mine, that of losing my things in all corners of the house; I sadly want somebody to keep me in order," he added, looking at Jane. "Well, good night. Jane, you may as well come and open the gate for me."

Jane glanced at Olive, as she would have glanced at a mother. Miss Canterbury had been regarded by the others almost in the light of one. Mr. Rufort held the glass door wide for her, and she stepped on to the gravel path: he then closed the window, and held out his arm. Jane finished tying her pocket handkerchief round her throat, and took it. He walked bare-headed.

"Put on your cap, Austin."

"All in good time," he replied.

"You will take cold."

"Cold, Jane! A clergyman is not fit for his work if he cannot stand for an hour with his head uncovered in bad weather—and to-night is fine. If you saw the model of a guy this elegant cap makes of me and my beauty, you might take it into your head not to have me."

Jane smiled; her own quiet, confiding smile; and Mr. Rufort looked at her, and drew her arm closer against his side.

"Jane, I had a selfish motive in bringing you out with me. It was to tell you that the rectory wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want one. We cannot get along without."

"Your predecessor had no—" wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. "The rectory and the parish had no mistress in his time," she resumed, framing her answer more to her satisfaction, "and he got along, Austin."

"After a fashion. A miserable fashion it must have been. That's one cause why they have tumbled into their present state. *I* don't mean to let them be without one long."

"Here we are at the gate," said Jane. "And now I must go back, or Olive will be calling to me. She is watching me from the window, I am sure, to see that I don't linger."

"Not she. She knows you are safe with me."

"Yes she is; she is always fancying we shall take cold."

"You take cold—I declare I forgot that. I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Jane. Well, then, I will not keep you now, but I shall have my say out to-morrow."

He threw his arm round her waist with a quick movement, and drew her behind the shrubbery which skirted the gate, so that they were beyond the view of the house.

"Jane, my darling," he murmured, as he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her unresisting face, "I *must* have you before Christmas. Think it over."

"As you will," she softly answered.

"Oh, my gracious!" groans somebody, "what, a clergyman!" As if clergymen were different from other people!

His kisses came to an end; he released Jane; and, opening the gate, swung through it, and took the path which led to the rectory. Jane stood a moment to watch him; she saw him put on his "guy of a cap:" she saw him turn and nod to her in the moonlight; and she clasped her hands together with a movement of happy thankfulness, thinking how very much she loved him. Olive tapped at the window, and Jane ran in.

The following afternoon, all three of the young ladies were returning home from the village. In crossing the Rock-field, as it was called, they saw Mr. Rufort advancing towards them.

"How serious he looks!" suddenly exclaimed Millicent.

"He has been vexed with some parish business or other," surmised Olive. "Though it must be more than a trifle to affect Mr. Rufort. I must say, Jane, you will have a good-tempered husband; if he has no other praisable quality."

"I think he has a great many others," returned Jane, in her quiet way; and Olive laughed.

Mr. Rufort came up. After a minute spent in greeting, he touched Jane, and caused her to slacken her pace. Miss Canterbury and Millicent walked on.

"Jane," said he, when the distance between them had increased, "what is this barrier that has come, or is coming, between us?"

Jane Canterbury looked at him; his face was pale and agitated. She was overcome with surprise. "I do not know what you are speaking of, Austin," she said, at length.

"My father rode over to-day, and told me, without any preparation or circumlocution, that things were to be at an end between us. And when I asked him what he meant, and wherefore it was to be, he said I might ask that of Mr. Canterbury. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing," said Jane—"nothing." And her look of consternation too plainly indicated that she had not. "But did Lord Rufort give you no further explanation?"

"I could get nothing else from him. He was in that inaccessible humor of his, which is a sure indication that something has gone wrong. He did not get off his horse. Mrs. Kage, who in passing had stopped inside the gate to look at my autumn flowers, was with me in the garden when he rode up. He made a sign to me with his whip, and I went out; the groom had drawn up close behind, and my father, seeing this, said, 'Ride on sir;' and of course Richard rode on. I knew, by the sharp tone, all was not serene; and then he told me what I have said to you, just in so many words."

Jane's heart was beating.

"What was it he said about my father?"

"I asked an explanation; he seemed too angry, or too—if I may use the word—too lofty to give it; and said I might inquire that of Mr. Canterbury. 'Or of the neighborhood either, for it is no secret,' he added, as he rode off, barely lifting his hat to Mrs. Kage, who had come to the gate."

"Papa was with us this morning," observed Jane; "he was just the same as usual, and invited us to dine at the Rock to-morrow—I expect you will also receive an invitation. He did not hint at anything amiss; indeed, he was joking with me, and asked when I meant to take up my residence at the rectory. Do you think there could have been any mistake—any misapprehension on Lord Rufort's part?"

"Misapprehension of what?" debated he, standing still in his perplexity and detaining Jane; "the question is, what is there to misapprehend? Whatsoever it may be, Jane," he continued, laying his hand upon her arm, and gazing into her eyes, "we are neither of us children; and though it would probably be against the feeling and principles of either, to fly in the face of parental authority and marry without it, to separate us forever is more than even a father would be justified in. Therefore, though a storm may be bursting over us, we will wait with patience till it is weathered, implicitly trusting in each other. Do you understand me, my dearest?"

"Yes," she sighed; "and I think you are right, Austin. I know you would not wilfully lead me wrong. I promise to be guided by you."

He snatched her hand and clasped it; they were in the open field, or he might have snatched something else. "Then we are secure in each other's truth," he said; "whatsoever may happen, you are still mine; remember that, Jane."

Olive and Millicent had stopped and were looking back. Olive thought they both seemed agitated, and she wondered; the easy-mannered minister, and the sensible, tranquil Jane.

"Walk on, Millicent, and wait for me at the stile," she said, for she considered Millicent in the light of a child; Millicent being one-and-twenty, Olive some years past thirty; and turned back herself to where they were standing.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Rufort?"

"Austin, let us tell Olive," was Jane's hurried whisper.

"Of course," he answered, and forthwith he told her.

Olive was amazed, but she was rather inclined to be "lofty" over it—as Mr. Rufort had expressed it, as to his father. Not lofty with Mr. Rufort, but at mistakes and misapprehensions in general, for she looked at it in the light that Jane had done.

"What can be amiss, sufficient to cause your separation?" she argued. "It can have nothing to do with either of you personally, whatever it may be."

"The most extraordinary part, as it appears to me, is, that my father should have said it was no secret to the neighborhood," remarked Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, that does sound curious," assented Olive.

"The most feasible construction that I can put upon it is, that his lordship and Mr. Canterbury must have had a quarrel," he continued; "though how he can construe that into a reason for my giving up Jane, I cannot conceive. My father is not an unjust man."

Olive answered quickly.

"I feel thoroughly sure that when we saw papa this morning, he had had no quarrel whatever with Lord Rufort, and I feel almost as sure that they have not met since. Papa left us before one o'clock to go home to an early luncheon, for he and Mrs. Canterbury were going afterwards to pay visits. And we saw the carriage drive by with them."

"They cannot have met Lord Rufort, and—and—had any disagreement then?" hesitated Jane.

"Nonsense, Jane," returned Olive; "they would not dispute in the presence of Mrs. Canterbury. There's Leta, talking over the stile to Mr. Carlton."

"Discussing people's private affairs," rejoined Mr. Rufort, "for Carlton hears all the gossip, and can keep nothing in. But I must leave you for the present, Miss Canterbury. I shall see you to-night. Good-by, Jane."

He struck across the field, and the young ladies walked on. Presently they saw Millicent run towards them, evidently in excitement. She was breathless when she came up.

"What is it, Leta?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Oh, Olive," was the reply of Leta—a fond name for Millicent—"I don't fully understand what it is! It is something about papa!"

"That Mr. Carlton has been telling you?" quickly rejoined Olive.

"He was going along in his pony-gig just as I got to the stile, and he left it and came and spoke to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your sisters that I have refused to act, for I never will have a hand in robbing them of their money.'"

"Go on," somewhat impatiently cried Olive, when Millicent stopped.

"'Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?' I asked.

"'To give your money to others and turn you out penniless is no better than a robbery,' he went on, as if he did not hear me; 'therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters.'"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony, which would not stand, and I came to you.—What can it mean, Olive? Does papa wish to take our income from us, and turn us out of this house, as he did out of our own?"

"No," answered Olive, throwing back her neck—it was a way of hers when she felt indignant—"papa will not go to those lengths, I think. It is a preposterous story, altogether, and some busy inventor must have set it at work. Poor Mr. Carlton swallows everything, true or false. Why, Millicent, you could have contradicted it on the spot; was not papa with us this morning, kind as ever?"

"This is what has reached the ears of Lord Rufort, then," remarked Jane.

"No doubt. Lord Rufort is known to be a gold worshipper, and Austin's living is small. How can so improbable a tale have arisen?"

They had been walking rapidly towards the stile; on getting over it, there was Mr. Carlton still, standing by his pony-gig, at a little distance down the road. Something was amiss with the harness, and he was setting it to rights. Olive made haste to him.

"Mr. Carlton, where did you pick up that sublime information?"

"What?" asked he, busy with his straps and buckles.

"That we are to be consigned to the Union to-morrow, and our house and furniture let to the highest bidder, plate included?"

"Did Leta tell you that?"

"Something equivalent to it," laughed Olive.

"She did, did she. A young goose! I perceive you have kept it from her; I saw she did not understand me; so I laid the blame on my pony, poor quiet creature, and flew away from her, without saying more. Miss Olive, I am truly sorry; this infatuation of your father's has given me a sleepless night."

Olive felt herself in the dark.

"Will you tell me what there is to be sorry for, Mr. Carlton, or what is the nature of my father's infatuation. Is it a tale concocted in the village club-room?"

Mr. Carlton turned from his harness and looked at her. He was a fine man with a ruddy countenance, silver hair, and a dark eye.

"Are you asking seriously, Olive? Or are you carrying on a jest with me?"

"Nay," said Olive, "are you carrying on a jest with us? Is there, or is there not, anything to tell? Papa was with us this morning; he hinted at nothing."

"Then you don't know it?" he uttered in amaze.

"I know nothing. What is there to know?"

"My dear Miss Olive, I surely believed you knew all—more, indeed, than I do. I thought I understood from Mr. Canterbury that his daughters were privy to the arrangement; it must have been my own mistake. Well, I don't regret having told you," he continued, "for it would be a cruel thing for it to come upon you like a thunderbolt; and he gone."

Olive grew uneasy; she saw how serious was Mr. Carlton. "Please to tell me all."

"My dear, your father dropped me a note to say he was going to make his last will and testament, and asked if I would be one of the executors; I dropped a note back to say Yes. Well, the will was prepared, and in talking over the matter with Mr. Canterbury when I called on him yesterday morning, I said to him—like old friends do say such things to each other—that I hoped he had taken care of his daughters. And, to my utter surprise, I found he had cut you off with the most paltry sum conceivable—five thousand each."

Olive's cheeks burnt like fire.

"So I told him I would be no executor to that will; and therefore, if he could not make a better, he must find somebody else to act; I wouldn't. And away I came in a huff, and nearly fell over Mrs. Canterbury, who was at the study door when I opened it."

"The property is left to her?" asked Olive, with flashing eyes.

"Of course; to her and the boy between them. I was too vexed to retain particulars; it was enough for me that it was left from you and your sisters. Why, Miss Olive, my old friend must be a three or four hundred thousand pounds man, and the least he ought to do would be to halve the money, and bequeath you and your sisters fifty thousand each; some people would say that was barely justice to you, seeing that until a year ago you were heiresses to the whole."

"How did this family matter get abroad?" abruptly asked Olive.

"Oh, it is known everywhere," was the Irish answer; "we were talking about it at the magistrates' meeting yesterday."

"Who told it there?" persisted Olive. "Did you?"

"I don't think I did—I am not sure, though. I know we began talking of it, all in a hurry, and forgot to send up the memorial about a prisoner to the secretary of state. When the meeting was over, Lord Rufort came out with me, and asked me the particulars."

"Your poor tongue!" thought Olive.

"And that's all, my dear. And don't you forget, if this wholesale thieving is carried out, and you are deprived of your own, that there's more than room for you all at the Hall—though it won't be such an 'all;' not half enough; for Jane will be at the rectory, I suppose—and you must come there for good and be my daughters."

He shook her hand as he spoke, and hastily ascending to his gig, drove off out of her sight, for his eyes were filling. Miss Canterbury went back to her sisters, who had waited for her at the stile.

"Walk on home with Millicent, will you, Jane? I must return to the village; I have business there."

"Return to the village now!" echoed Jane, looking at her watch. "It has struck half-past five. You will scarcely be home by six; you will have no time to dress."

"Then I must dispense with dressing for one evening, or with dinner," Olive returned, in a bitter tone.

Miss Canterbury left her sisters standing in surprise, crossed the stile, and walked with a firm step along the field path. It was a pleasant and rather nearer way to the village than by the road, and they preferred it in fine weather. To say she felt indignant at what she had heard, would not be saying enough; but the first thing to be done was to ascertain whether the tale were true, for Mr. Carlton's information could not always be depended on. Her father's lawyer lived at a villa at this end of the village, his office being in a neighboring town. He was a man of extensive practice, and moved in good society. Olive proceeded to his house, and found he was at home.

Mr. Norris came to her immediately. The young ladies knew him well. Olive, without any preface of compliments, faced him as he came in, and spoke in a commanding tone.

"Mr. Norris, what is this I hear about my father's will?"

"How have you heard it?" was his rejoinder.

She drew herself up, with a look which plainly questioned his right to inquire.

"In the same way that others have heard it; it is the common topic of the neighborhood. Did you make it for him?"

"I did. The reason I inquired where you had heard it, Miss Canterbury, was that I hoped it might have been from himself. I think if Mr. Canterbury would only converse with his daughters respecting it, he might be brought to see his decision in a different light. Pray be seated, Miss Canterbury."

"I prefer to stand. Will you give me the heads of the will?"

"I find that its particulars have really got abroad, so that I can have no scruple in doing so," he replied. "I cannot but think Mr. Carlton is the traitor; not an intentional one, poor man; but, if ever a secret does get entrusted to him, it is a secret no longer."

"What is the amount willed to me and my sisters?" impatiently interrupted Miss Canterbury.

"Five thousand pounds."

"Shameful!" responded her heart. "And the rest to Mrs. Canterbury?" she inquired, aloud.

"Mrs. Canterbury has her settlement and a handsome sum; but the bulk of the property is left to the infant. In case of its death it becomes Mrs. Canterbury's."

"All of it?"

"All. It passes to her absolutely and unconditionally."

"Mr. Norris, do you call this a just will?"

"It is the most unjust will I ever made," he replied, with warmth. "I said so to Mr. Canterbury. I assure you, Miss Canterbury, that if you and your sisters have been thus dealt by, it was not for want of remonstrance on my part. All I could venture to urge, in my position as legal adviser, I did urge; but Mr. Canterbury has in this instance proved himself a self-willed client."

"My father must have been influenced—as he has been in other matters," remarked Miss Canterbury.

And Mr. Norris's raised eyebrows and expression of countenance told that he more than agreed with her.

"Mr. Carlton will not act as executor," he resumed; "he told Mr. Canterbury so, and he called at my office and told me; he said he had managed hitherto to keep his hands out of dabbling with injustice. Since then I have seen Mr. Canterbury, and suggested to him that a more equitable will should be made."

"What did my father say?"

"That he had been advised it was not an unequitable one; that a wife and son usually inherited to the prejudice of daughters."

"Advised!" scornfully ejaculated Olive.—"Mrs. Kage has had to do with this—more than Mrs. Canterbury. Does he call five thousand pounds a fitting portion for us, brought up in the luxury we have been, and with our expectations?"

"I submitted that question to him, Miss Canterbury, almost in the same words you have used. He replied that you already inherited five thousand pounds each by the death of your mother—as is the case—and that five thousand would make it ten."

"Ten thousand pounds for the daughters of Mr. Canterbury of the Rock!" was Olive's resentful comment.

"Ten thousand, all told," quietly replied the lawyer. "Mrs. Kage has a like sum."

"A like sum! Bequeathed by my father?"

Mr. Norris inclined his head in the affirmative.

Olive's breath left her. A hundred remonstrances rose to her mind, a hundred indignant protests to her lips. So many, so tumultuous were they, that none were uttered.

"Is there no appeal, no redress against these unjust wills?" she exclaimed, when her silence had spent itself.

"The only appeal can lie in getting the testator to revoke them," he replied, looking meaningly at Miss Canterbury. "When once the testator has passed away, the will becomes law, and must be carried out. I will urge the bearings of the case again on Mr. Canterbury, and—"

"Thank you," interrupted Miss Canterbury, "it is his family who must urge it upon him; if only to save his name from disgrace."

In one of the Rock's gorgeous drawing-rooms, newly furnished and decorated, and quite shining again with mirrors and gilding and resplendent vanities, sat Mrs. Canterbury, young and lovely as when her husband had brought her home to it, twelve months before; but ten times vainer, ten times more self-willed than she had been even then. She was attired in a fine morning robe of French cambric, beautifully embroidered, and much adorned with rich pink ribbons and delicate lace; and—though her sunny curls were much too youthful for it—she wore a little cap of the same pink ribbons and lace. At a distance, half-reclining on a soft velvet ottoman, with one cushion propping up her back and another her feet, was Mrs. Canterbury's mother, the Honorable Mrs. Kage, a faded lady, all nerves and languishment. She had taken up her abode at the Rock some weeks before, when her daughter was confined to her chamber, and she did not seem in a hurry to quit it; for its quarters were on a different scale from those of her own narrow home. And, seated close to Mrs. Canterbury, was a gentleman who had that morning unexpectedly arrived on a few hours' visit, a distant cousin of Mrs. Canterbury's, and who had once thought her—more of an angel than man, young, ardent man, often thinks woman.

"Do you find me altered?" she was asking of him.

"Altered for the better. I never saw you looking so well or so—"

"So what?" returned she, in her conscious vanity.

"So fascinating, Caroline. I know not why I should have hesitated. For such praise, honestly given, cannot do harm to a married woman."

Mrs. Canterbury felt amused.

"I think that must be a new theory. Is it one of your own, Tom?"

"I should have said *ought* not," he replied, correcting the former phrase. "How is Mr. Canterbury?"

"Oh, he is very well. He is always in his study from ten till twelve, over his tenants and his farm business, and all that trumpery."

"I am glad to see you so happy, Caroline," he continued. "I trust you have found the bliss, in your married life, that you hoped for; found it in all ways."

"Yes, thank you, of course," she answered, flippantly, but with the crimson rising in her lovely cheeks. "Oh, Thomas," she continued, in a deeper tone, "do not let us play at talking fine with each other. You know that in marrying a man of—of—Mr. Canterbury's age, one does not expect a bower of bliss, all lilies and roses."

"Very true," he quietly replied, "one cannot have everything in the very brightest of marriages. You have a superfluity of luxury and wealth, Caroline, and that, I expect, is what you mostly married for."

"Of course I have everything in that way, more than a superfluity. And then he is so fond of me; that's tiresome."

He was inclined to laugh.

"I can tell you that it is. I must not go there, lest I take cold; or I must not stir here, lest I fatigue myself. I'm not rheumatic, and I'm not sixty."

"All for your good, Caroline. I dare say you find it so."

"I might, if I tried it. But when he says I am not to go anywhere or do anything, I immediately go and do it. But I tell you what, Tom," she added more earnestly, "I have found out that to have all your wishes fulfilled, ere expressed, to know beforehand that your slightest whim will be carried out, does not bring happiness. It creates weariness and satiety, but not happiness. I often wish myself back in the old days when we had but five hundred a year, and I had to tease mamma before I could get a new dress bought; it seems now, that to cut and contrive, and spin out our income, was real pleasure; it was a daily object to live for, don't you see. Not that I would part with any of my present wealth; I wish I had more."

Mrs. Canterbury had rung the bell, and the answer to it was the nurse with the infant. The young mother took him in her arms, and carrying him straight up to her cousin, held him out.

"Is not mine a darling baby, Tom?"

His calm face changed to hectic; a red, glowing hectic, spreading to the very roots of his hair. Perhaps it was the surprise; or perhaps he did not like babies. Whatever may have been the cause of his emotion, he rallied from it bravely.

"A fine child, indeed. Will you allow me to try my hand at nursing?"

Mrs. Canterbury put the infant into his arms.

"A fine child you call him! that is a compliment very wide of the mark, Tom; or else it shows how much you know about babies. He is not a fine child, for he is remarkably small, but he is a very pretty one. They say he has my eyes, and all my features."

"What is his name?"

"Thomas."

He looked up quickly.

"Thom—" but his eager tone was changed for an indifferent one. "Who chose that old-fashioned name?"

"I chose it," she answered, casting down her drooping eyelids towards some point on the baby's dress. "I like the name."

The child set up a scream. Mrs. Kage set up another, from her ottoman, and, dropping some of her scent bottles, which she was never seen without, stopped her ears. Mrs. Canterbury laughed, took the infant from the arms that were strange to it, and sent it away by the nurse.

"Make *that* your object, Caroline," he whispered, "to train him up to good."

"Good! He will have good enough without my training him. He is born to loads of wealth."

"Thomas, what brought you here to day?" interrupted an affected voice from the ottoman.

"The rail, ma'am."

"*Fiacre!* I meant why did you come?"

"To pay my respects to you and Mrs. Canterbury. Was not that a laudable object?"

"And to think that you would not go to India to be a Nabob! Such a delightful offer, that of being made into a Nabob. How could you refuse it?"

Caroline Canterbury glanced at her cousin; perhaps not intentionally; he did not, however, glance at her. She resented it as a slight, and a feeling of pique stole into her vain woman's heart.

"India's a bad climate, Mrs. Kage, giving one the liver-complaint. I was careful of myself, you see."

"But, Thomas—"

Mrs. Kage was interrupted. At that moment Mr. Canterbury entered the room, followed by his daughter Olive, who, having consulted with her sisters and with Mr. Rufort the previous evening, had determined to make a personal appeal to Mr. Canterbury. She had come to the Rock, unaccompanied, at an hour when she knew her father would be alone in his study. The servant who answered the door to her, happened to be a fresh one, Mrs. Canterbury's own footman, a fine gentleman just engaged for her from London.

Olive walked in, and the man stared. But he seemed to recollect something.

"I beg your pardon, mem, are you Miss Canterbury?"

"I am Miss Canterbury," she said, and was walking on.

He placed himself before her.

"Then, if you please, mem, will you step in this here parlor? You are not to go on, mem."

Olive turned her lofty face upon him. He did not altogether like its air of command.

"Mem, Mrs. Kage told me that you were not to go in to Mr. Canterbury, should you happen to call, but were to be showed in here, and herself fetched down to you. She ordered it, mem, and I could not think of disobeying of her."

"Sir!" burst out Olive, "do you know to whom you speak? I am in my father's house. Stand aside."

He stood aside. As Olive walked further into the hall, the butler met her.

"Neel," said she, in a calmer tone, almost an indifferent one, "you had better tell that man who I am. He does not appear to understand, I think."

Neel looked all astonishment at the new footman—whom he did not particularly favor; and ushered Miss Canterbury into her father's study.

But she gained little by entering it. Whether Mr. Canterbury suspected her errand, certain it is, he left it, immediately, and took refuge in the society of the drawing-room. Olive went also; she had come to speak, and she would do it.

At first it was a Babel of tongues, Mrs. Kage contributing more than her share. Olive's tone was subdued, but resolute. Their guest would have retired, but was prevented by Mrs. Kage and Mrs. Canterbury; they may have hoped his presence would deter Olive.

"Is it not enough that you turned us from our home?" Olive's voice was heard, rising from the confusion, more in plaint than anger. "That was distressing, but nothing to this last injustice. Sir, the whole county is ringing with it."

"What injustice?" gasped Mr. Canterbury, looking from one to another, as if he wanted protection. His wife went up to him, and put her arm firmly within his.

"The injustice of disinheriting us, your un-

offending and always dutiful daughters—we have ever been so, sir, you know we have; and of bequeathing your money to strangers."

Mrs. Kage let fall a bottle of something which filled the room with odor and stained the ottoman. "My dear Miss Canterbury, this is really shocking—you call your papa's beloved son a stranger!"

"Yes, Olive, he is my son," echoed Mr. Canterbury, as if it were something to catch at.

"I have not forgotten it, sir. And, as your son, he ought to receive a large proportion of your fortune. Mrs. Canterbury ought also to receive a proper portion; she is your wife. Think not we would wish to be unjust, sir, or to deprive others of what they ought to receive. You might provide amply for them—what, perhaps, even themselves would think ample—but you should also provide for us. Mrs. Canterbury, speak: am I urging anything that is not perfectly fair and just?"

"Now, Olive, don't bring me in. I told Mr. Canterbury these things were to be settled without me, and that I should say nothing, one way or the other. If he likes to leave his money to me and the ducky, of course he can: on the other hand, if he leaves it to your part of the family, I don't prevent him. I am neuter."

"In taking your word, Mrs. Canterbury," replied Olive, and she was unable quite to repress all signs of sarcasm, "I can only remark that, were I you, I would not be neuter. You might respect your husband's good name, and urge him to remember it. Papa! it is the thought of you, no less than our own claims, the hope that no shadow may rest upon your memory in future years, that has brought me up this day."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughters was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face: she buried it in some pungent smelling-salts.

"Oh—if you are good enough to ask *my* sentiments, dear Mr. Canterbury, I can but express them. I do think it a very nice sum indeed, for single young ladies."

Olive turned towards her. "It is five thousand pounds."

"For each of you, dear Miss Canterbury; but—"

"And you, madam, receive ten thousand in the same will."

Mrs. Kage gracefully opened her fan. "Really these are Mr. Canterbury's affairs, not mine. I am surprised at you, Miss Canterbury."

"Father," again pleaded Olive, "you have ample wealth to leave to whom you will, ample for us all. I only urge the injustice that we, your children, should be excluded."

"The baby's his own child," resentfully interrupted Mrs. Kage. "Thomas, dear, do pray get me another cushion for my back. And set light to a pastile, will you. I am overpowered."

"That son may die," said Olive, looking at her father and Mrs. Canterbury.

Nobody spoke.

"In which case, if what I hear be true, the whole property goes to Mrs. Canterbury: it is to be hers unconditionally and at her disposal: the whole property," emphatically added Olive, "save this wretched five thousand to us, and the ten to Mrs. Kage."

"Oh, but you know he is not going to die," broke in Mrs. Canterbury, in a pretty little voice of affectation; while her cousin, who held a pastile in one hand and a light in the other, forgot both, and stood gazing at her, as if transfixed by what he heard.

"You do not only destroy our prospects, but our happiness," proceeded Olive. "I speak more particularly of Jane. Her marriage would have taken place before Christmas, and now Lord Rufort has ordered his son to break off the match. "Papa"—and Olive's eyes filled, which only made her raise her head the more proudly—"it is a great humiliation to bring upon us."

Mr. Canterbury fidgeted on his legs, but his wife held his arm tight, he could not fidget that.

"You have not done it of your own free will," pursued Olive, "and, that you have not, is well known to all, for you have been ever kind to us, and would be so still; you will be, if you are left uninfluenced. Will you be so, papa? will you only be just?"

"I will take these family matters into consideration," was Mr. Canterbury's reply, "and you shall hear from me. You had better retire, Olive."

She moved towards the door, but, ere passing out of it, turned her face on Mrs. Kage and Mrs. Canterbury. "And if the result of my father's consideration be unfavorable to us, if the birthright of his children is thus to pass from them to you, I can only assert, from my true heart, that we shall be happier in our poverty than you will be in the wealth so gained. It is far better to be the spoiled than the spoilers."

Olive was gone. Mrs. Kage, with her collection of nerve-auxiliaries, stepped daintily from the room to enjoy the composing quiet of her own chamber; Mr. Canterbury, feeling rather little, no doubt, in many ways, returned to his study; and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone.

"Did you ever witness such a scene, Tom? Quite vulgar, as mamma expressed it. This will give you a specimen of what those Canterbury women are."

He was in profound thought, and did not appear to hear her. Mrs. Canterbury went to the fireplace and began knocking the fire about.

"Caroline!"

The accent was so sharply imperative that she dropped the poker and turned to him.

"Did I understand clearly—that Mr. Canterbury's large fortune goes unconditionally to you?"

"No; not if you understood that. The greater portion goes to the child. I have my settlement and—"

"I was alluding to the contingency of the child's death," he quickly interrupted. "In that case, it becomes yours. Caroline, take the advice of a friend; you know I am one; do not have the property so willed."

"But why?" she exclaimed. "If my baby should die—but he is not going to die, he is a hearty little fellow—what more natural than that his money should revert to me?"

"A large sum," he mused. "Take my advice, Caroline, let it not revert to you; or let a portion of it only revert to you. You may marry again; and your husband—"

"Whatever are you thinking of?" cried Mrs. Canterbury, breaking the pause he had come to. "You speak mysteriously, and are looking mysteriously, just as though your visions were far away, in the future or in the past. Where were your thoughts, Tom?"

"I hardly know," he answered, with the air of one awaking from a reverie; "they had gone roaming without leave. But do not suffer all that money to revert to you, contingent on the boy's death."

She did not reply, and presently he spoke again.

"Mr. Canterbury's daughters must have their share, Caroline. They have an equal claim with you; some might deem a greater claim."

"It is not my affair; you heard me say I was neuter. It lies with Mr. Canterbury."

"Caroline, mark me—it would not bring you good."

She tossed back her pretty curls.

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impressive whisper:

"'Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee.'"

"Why—what in the world—have you turned parson?" she uttered, in extreme astonishment. "Have you the Bible by heart?"

"A verse or two of it that my mother taught me in my boyhood," he carelessly answered, as he threw open one of the windows and leaned out.

Whether of his own decision, or whether by the decision of his wife and her mother, cannot be told, though it may be surmised, but Mr. Canterbury's unjust will remained, and was to remain, in force; his daughters being, so to say, disinherited. The news went forth to the neighborhood, and everybody in it cried out shame.

Mr. Rufort, who had been away some little time on leave of absence, proceeded to the Miss Canterburys' house on his return. Jane was alone, her sisters having taken advantage of the November sunshine, to walk out. Her heart sank within her as she rose to receive him; she could only suppose it was his final visit.

"So I hear it is all definitively settled, Jane," he observed, after a little time spent in general conversation.

"Yes; I am ashamed to confess it, for papa's sake," she replied, feeling truly uncomfortable.

"And for somebody else's also, I should say," added Mr. Rufort. "His wife has had more to do with it than he, and Mrs. Kage no doubt most of all."

"We have been fixing on our plans," resumed Jane. "Papa intends to continue our present allowance during his life; and we are going to save out of it. We shall dismiss one or two of our servants, and lay down the carriage, and in short, try and live more in accordance with the style we shall be obliged to adopt, after—in after years."

"Whom do you mean, by saying 'we?'" asked Mr. Rufort.

"Ourselves," she replied, thinking his question superfluous. "Olive, and Lets, and myself."

"But what is the rectory to do, Jane?"

"Oh, Austin, do not play with my feelings," she returned: "you will make them overflow; I can scarcely speak to you, as it is."

He crossed over to her sofa, and, sitting down, drew her head to a resting-place.

"Will you have me or not, Jane? You know what the revenues of the living are; a very mite, compared with those of the Rock; poor, even, compared with what you enjoy here; will you come home to me and venture on them?"

"What—in defiance of Lord Rufort? Oh, Austin!"

He bent his face down on hers, kissing it between every sentence.

"Lord Rufort has come to his senses, Jane. I was with him this morning, and he informed me that if you and I like to set up upon bread-and-cheese, he will not oppose it, as it is a matter chiefly affecting ourselves personally. He only makes one proviso; that when we shall have filled the rectory with children, we do not go to him to keep them."

The tears were stealing down her glowing cheeks.

"Is it true?" she softly whispered.

"Quite true, Jane. So far as my father's consent and approval are concerned, I may take you home to bread-and-cheese to-morrow—upon the bread-and-cheese view of the affair, his lordship dwelt particularly—but the scruples are on my part now."

She glanced quickly up.

"Much as I had learned to love you, Jane, I should never have asked you to share my small income, but for your possessing ample means of your own. I should have felt that I was not justified in doing it, reared, as you had been, in luxury."

"Would your scruples have been for me, or for yourself?"

"Jane!"

A bright smile stole over her face.

"We shall not be so very badly off, Austin; I have a little still, you know."

"Then, my darling, you are mine. I shall have you before Christmas yet, Jane."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.—*Sir T. Brown.*

☞ BUSINESS MAXIM.—The most economical time to buy cider is when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

EXTRACTS OF RECENT LETTERS

From Townsend Harris, U. S. Envoy to Japan.

JEDDO.—I should not have known when I passed the line which separates Sinagawa from Jeddo, had the spot not been pointed out to me, as the houses form a continuous street for some miles before you reach the actual boundary of the city. From the gate by which I entered the city to my quarters was about seven miles. The streets of Jeddo are divided into sections of 120 yards by gates and palisades of strong timber. This enables the police to isolate any portion of the city, or any line running through it, and thus prevent the assembling of crowds or mobs. When we approached a gate it was opened, and as soon as the rear had passed through, it was closed. The gates of all the cross streets were also kept closed. I could see immense crowds beyond the gates, but the people on our actual line of march were those only that occupied the buildings on the route. Notwithstanding all this, the number that was assembled was prodigious. The centre of the way was kept clear, and the crowd kept back by ropes stretched along each side of the street. The assemblage was composed of men, women and children, of all ranks and conditions,—the women being the larger number. I estimated the two lines of people that extended along the way, from my entrance into the city to the place provided for my residence, to have been full 300,000.—Yet in all this vast concourse I did not hear a word except the constant cry of the Harbingers, *Sitta! Sitta!*

You may think it impossible that silence could have been maintained among so large a number of women, but I assure you it was so.

The house prepared for me was situated within the fourth circle of the castle, or aristocratic portion of the city, and large enough to accommodate 500 persons in the Japanese manner.

On my arrival I was warmly welcomed by my good friend the Prince of Sinano, who showed me the various provisions that had been made for my accommodation and comfort, and which included chairs, tables, bedsteads, &c., none of which are used by the Japanese.

Jeddo covers more ground than London, and its population is about two millions. The Japanese say that no census is ever taken in Japan; that returns are made of the numbers of certain classes; but as the nobles, peasants, mechanics, and women and children are omitted from these returns, they do not serve even as a basis for estimates of population. The Japanese gave me a map of the city, but as it is constructed without reference to a scale, it is of little value; even the compass-bearings of different points in the city are incorrect. The streets generally are of good width and are well sewered, but they are all unpaved. No carriages are seen; a few hand-carts are used to transport heavy articles; canals intersect the city in various directions.

THEATRES.—The Japanese pointed out various places of interest, such as temples, gardens, &c., which I visited with benefit to my health and relaxation for my mind. The *Seehy*, or theatres of Jeddo are three in number. They are all in the northeast part of the city, and only a few yards distant from each other. I intended to visit them, but my friend, the Prince of Sinano, earnestly requested me not to do so. He said no Japanese of rank could go there without being disgraced; that if an imperial officer should be seen there, he would be dismissed the service. He added, "You now stand as high as any man in Japan; why, then, should you wish to cast yourself down from the honorable place you occupy?" Feeling convinced that his statements were correct, and not wishing to do anything that might lessen my influence as the representative of my country, I did not go. The Japanese have very few amusements; the principal ones are wrestling, jugglers, and *top spinners*.

THE TREATY.—You are well aware that I am not permitted to divulge the details of the treaty until it has been laid before the President and received his approval; still, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of communicating one of its provisions to you. All Americans in Japan are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and they have the right to build churches. The practice of trampling on the crucifix is abolished. When you remember that 225 years ago Christianity was extinguished in Japan, in the blood of a quarter of a million of Japanese converts, and when you call to mind the blasphemous proclamation of the then Emperor of Japan, in which he said,—"If the God of the Christians Himself comes to Japan, I will put Him to death," you will be ready to admit that this result is as gratifying as it is surprising. I am proud and happy that this has been achieved by our country. It will be a good answer to the sneer of Burke, which has often been applied to our countrymen, "Your God is gold; your Bible is a ledger." The pleasure I feel in having made the treaty is enhanced by the reflection that there has been no show of coercion, nor was menace in the least used by me to obtain it. There was no American man-of-war within 1,000 miles of me for months before and after the negotiations.—I told the Japanese at the outset that my mission was a friendly one; that I was not authorized to use any threats; that all I wished was that they would listen to the truths that I would lay before them.

VARIOUS MATTERS.—It was not until my second visit to Jeddo that I made any excursions in or around the city. I visited many temples, gardens, &c. The temples have nothing that arrests the attention in their structure or in their interiors, being in this respect less costly and ornamental than the Chinese temples.—They are, however, kept much cleaner than the latter. They are usually placed in fine, open grounds, and surrounded by noble trees. The grounds are neatly kept, and are adorned with flowering shrubs and trees, among which the plum and cherry tree are to be remarked; they produce enormous blossoms, but, alas! like many showy men, they produce no fruit; rhododendrons of great beauty, and of the following colors, viz.: pink, scarlet, crimson, blue, yellow, violet and white. The dwarfing of trees and distorting them into queer shapes is much practised; and they cut the foliage into rounded forms like dishes. I saw a number of cedars whose trunks and branches might be taken as representing the bronze of a vast épergne, while the foliage looked like emerald dishes.

The houses of the Japanese are of wood, and never more than two stories high; they are covered with thatch or tiles; the front and ends are closed by wooden window sashes, covered with paper, which gives a pleasant light in the interior, and wooden shutters enclose the windows at night. The interior is divided into rooms by means of sliding partitions, made of wooden frames, covered with paper. These partitions can be removed in a few moments, and the whole house thrown into one room.—The floors are covered with straw mats some two inches thick; they are soft and fine, and are kept exquisitely clean. Neither chair, table, couch nor bedstead, nor any ornamental article is to be seen. The mat serves as a chair and table by day, and as a bed at night. This description of a house will apply to all, from the palace of the Emperor to the cottage of the peasant. In winter they are warmed by charcoal braziers. There is not a chimney nor a pane of window glass to be found in the whole empire.

The gilded columns supporting the fretted ceilings and golden roofs of stately palaces described by the old writers on Japan, are not to be found, and I am assured by the Japanese that they never had any existence out of the "Travellers' Tales," which relate such marvels about Japan.

The Japanese are eminently genial in their dispositions, and there is a cordiality in their refined politeness that convinces one of their sincerity. They are frugal in everything, and utilitarian up to the standard of good and wise old Jeremy Bentham. Food is abundant and cheap. The beggars of Japan are mostly a religious class, and all are as fat as seals. Not one Japanese in fifty ever tastes of any animal food except fish. Sugar is the only luxury, and yet I buy it here in Simoda cheaper than you can in New York. They are the best fed, clad and lodged, and the least over-worked, of any people on earth. God grant that future generations may not have cause to regret the hour I arrived in Japan! The usual dress of the Japanese of rank is of silk; but on the occasion of my audience the nobles wore dresses made of a coarse, yellow grass cloth. This, as they say, is to remind them of the poverty and frugality of their ancestors. I have never seen a diamond, pearl or ornament of gold or silver, worn by any person in Japan.

THE FAIR SEX.—As you take an interest in the "fair sex," you will expect some description of the beauties of Japan. The women of condition never make visits (except the mother to a married daughter,) have no assemblages of their "dear five hundred friends;" nor do they assemble at the tea-table, to hold high courts of censure on the manners and morals of their friends. They go out once or twice in a year to visit some celebrated temple, but their ordinary devotions are paid at a shrine within their houses, or at a pretty *Miu* erected within the enclosures of their grounds. The females of the laboring classes perform some portion of out-door labor; but they are not overworked as in China and other parts of Asia. Polygamy obtains—i. e., a man may have any number of "second wives." When a female is selected as a first wife, she prepares for her change of condition" by smearing her teeth with a horrid mixture which not only blackens them forever, but also destroys a portion of the gums, and the lips sometimes remain permanently swollen. She next shaves her eyebrows and exterminates her eyelashes, and changes the fashion of her hair. She has now only to bring the knot of her girdle round to the front, and all the world knows that she is a first wife, the commander-in-chief of all the "second wives," and the undisputed proprietress of all the children born in the house. This last privilege reminds one of a similar right exercised by the wives of the respectable Abraham (Rachel and Leah.) The second wives do not perform any of these absurd actions, consequently they are by far the best-looking in the eyes of the To-jin or foreigners. A lady in full dress—i. e., made up for mischief—is worth describing. Her face is thickly covered with rice flour, on which rouge—real rouge—is prettily placed, while her lips are brought to that just violet tinge that drives the Japanese lover even to making poetry; her robes are numerous and clumsy, and her girdle is so vast in its amplitude, that it would make a robe for any ordinary woman; her head is bristling with metal ornaments that look like the grandfathers of all the tuning-forks; her really pretty feet are protected by neat straw sandals; when she walks she minces her steps as though her legs were tied together at the knees.

Did I ever tell you of the description a young Malay, Tumangong, of Sumatra, once gave me of a young girl with whom he was in love? No. Then you shall have it now: "Tuan," said he, "Tuan, she is high-bosomed and moon-faced; she has a mole on her cheek like a spot of ambergris; her lips are like the new-cut shell of the mangosteen; her teeth are whiter than the chambaka flower; her breath makes the clove tree die with envy; her hair is blacker than the night of separation to the distracted lover; her form is like a branch of willow, and as she walks her hips move from side to side!"

THE DOG HUNT.—I will close this unreasonably-long letter by showing you how cheaply a man may procure a reputation as a savant in this country. Talking one day with the Prince of Tamba about dogs, I stated that I had always observed that where a dog had any white about his body the terminal hairs in his tail would also be white. The Prince opened his eyes at this, and, when he went home, ordered an examination of the dogs in his premises, which were found to be marked as I stated. Interested in this, he ordered his servants to scour the neighboring streets and temple grounds, and bring up all their parish inhabitants. These also stood the test. Amazed at this, he repeated my statement and his experience at the castle, where some four hundred to five hundred of the high nobles assemble daily. Universal interest was excited, and there ensued such a dog hunt as Jeddo never saw before. Dogs of every kind were scrutinized, from the high priced pug, called in their vernacular *jin*, down to the mangy vagabond that skulked about and shirked his living. Still my tale about dogs' tails stood the test. At last letters were written to Kiotoosaca and other large towns, ordering a general canine examination. When the reports arrived, my glory and reputation reached the culminating point, and I was looked upon by the Japanese as you Westerns look on Button, Cuvier & Co.

HEALTH AND JAPAN REMEDIES.—After my first return from Jeddo, I was attacked by a nervous fever, which afterward assumed a malignant type, and for many days my life was in great danger. Thanks be to God! I recovered, and am now in my usual state of health.

The Emperor and the Council of State manifested the greatest anxiety during my illness, and showed a marked solicitude for my recovery. His Majesty daily sent me kind messages, with presents of fruit, arrow-root, &c.; he also sent down two of his best physicians from Jeddo to attend. The doctors sent a daily report of my condition to the Court, and on the receipt there of a bulletin to the effect that I could not recover, the Emperor issued an order to them *to cure me*, and they were at the same time informed that the safety of their heads depended on my recovery. I cannot sufficiently thank those doctors for their unwearied attentions to me. Night and day one of them was always at my bed-side, and they showed all the gentleness and tenderness of a woman in their treatment of me.

In April I again started for Jeddo, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances of the physicians, and I was so feeble that I was actually carried on board the steamer like a child. Happily no ill effects followed this imprudent, *but absolutely necessary*, step of mine.

The Emperor manifested the greatest kindness and the most marked solicitude for my perfect restoration to health. He daily sent me some very nice affair that had been prepared in the palace. After about a fortnight of these kind attentions, during which time I was rapidly gaining strength, his Majesty sent the Prince of Tamba to me to urge the use of a certain remedy, which the Prince described. If you are curious to know what the nature of the remedy was, you can turn to the second verse of the first chapter of the First Book of Kings, "commonly called the Third Book of Kings." In justice to myself, permit me to add that my health has so rapidly improved that I have not used the imperial prescription. The weather during April and May was charming, and each day I felt its influence.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT'S much spoken of pamphlet has lately been sold at Paris with the title printed reversed, "Edni'L Rua Tabed Nu, par Ed Trebmelatnom." Masses of the pamphlet were disposed of before the police got aware of the trick.

THE Roman Catholic *Tablet* says: "An absurd and malignant report is current in the religious world that Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon have been for some time married, in a private or clandestine manner. This offensive slander is, no doubt, founded on the prolonged residence of that estimable lady in the Reverend gentleman's house at Christ's Church, whither she repaired some time ago for spiritual consolation and rest."

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

On the 17th, the resolution to appoint Commodore Stuart Senior Flag Officer was adopted, 37 ayes, 14 nays.

Mr. Douglas read, in a low tone, an oration upon the late Mr. Harris, of Illinois.

On the 18th, the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up. Mr. Sebastian's amendment, making the eastern terminus at Fort Smith, failed. So did Houston's amendment, locating the route between the 30th and 32d parallels. Green's amendment then came up, providing for one road, with two eastern termini, the southern not below Fulton, Arkansas, and the northern not further north than the Big Sioux river. Mr. Green's amendment was lost, as was also Mr. Rice's, making Puget Sound the western terminus. Mr. Doolittle's amendment granting alternate sections of forty miles of land on both sides of the road to actual settlers, was lost. Mr. Pugh's amendment, that the railroad stop at the eastern boundary of California, was lost. Mr. Bigler's amendment was adopted. It grants alternate sections of twenty miles of land on each side of the road to the contractors, not to be given until one section of twenty-five miles of road be built, and one-fourth of the whole amount of land to be reserved as security for the completion of the middle division of the road. Also $12,500 in United States bonds to be issued to the contractor for each mile completed and in operation, provided the entire amount of bonds shall not exceed $16,000,000. All the iron is to be American. Mr. Bell moved to recommit the bill, and Mr. Davis moved a substitute, whereupon Mr. Brown moved to lay on the table, and the Senate ordered the bill, &c., to be printed, and adjourned.

[The report telegraphed to the Northern press that the Senate Democratic Caucus had resolved to sustain the proposition of Senator Slidell in placing thirty millions of dollars at the disposal of the President of the United States, to negotiate for Cuba, is erroneous. No vote was taken upon the subject, although a majority of the caucus favored the project, including Messrs. Douglas and Davis. Among the opponents of the proposition were Messrs. Mason and Hunter.]

On the 19th, the motion to lay the Pacific Railroad Bill on the table was negatived by the following vote:—

YEAS—Messrs. Bates, Bayard, Benjamin, Brown, Chesnut, Clingman, Crittenden, Fitzpatrick, Hammond, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Reid, Slidell, Thomson of New Jersey, Toombs, and Yulee—19.

NAYS—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Bigler, Bright, Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Green, Gwin, Hale, Harlan, Johnson of Arkansas, Jones, Kennedy, King, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Sebastian, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Trumbull, Wade, Ward, Wilson, and Wright—38.

Whereon the vote recurred on Mr. Pugh's amendment, that the line shall stop at the eastern margin of California. The remainder of the day till four o'clock (when the Senate went into Executive Session) was occupied, on Mr. Pugh's amendment, in the discussion of the constitutionality of carrying the road within the limits of the State, Messrs. Pugh, Simmons, Benjamin, and Davis participating.

On the 20th, a message was received from the President, in reply to the resolution calling for any correspondence that may have passed between our Government and that of Spain, in relation to the purchase of Cuba. The President states that no correspondence has taken place that has not already been published. He also says that he would deem it proper to have the sanction of Congress before entering into any negotiations on the subject.

A petition presented from the Society of the Cincinnati of Massachusetts, asks for a settlement of the claims for half pay for life, promised by the Act of October, 1783, to the continental army. The petitioners do not ask this as a matter of bounty or pension, but that Congress redeem its plighted faith.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 18th, a bill was reported and passed, to revise and continue in force, without restriction or limitation of time, the bounty land acts of 1835, 1842, and 1852. A resolution was adopted authorizing the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate certain alleged abuses in the management of affairs in the navy yards at Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

On the 19th, Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, reported a bill amendatory of the pre-emption laws. He said the object of the bill was to prevent frauds. Sometimes settlers on the public lands only remained one day, and then sold out to speculators. The bill requires them to actually occupy for three months, and is for the benefit of the actual settlers. An unsuccessful motion to lay the bill on the table was made, the vote being yeas 44, nays 120. Further proceedings were then stayed by the expiration of the morning hour.

The bill from the Senate, making appropriations for deepening the channel over the St. Clair Flats, was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The House then went into committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bills. Mr. Keitt made a speech in favor of seizing Cuba. The House struck out the item for a salary of a Minister to Persia. An amendment, offered by Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, to strike out the items for salaries of ministers and commissioners, only failed by twelve majority. An amendment striking out the salary of the Minister to Rome was carried, as also one striking out the item for a Minister to Switzerland.

On the 20th, Mr. Farnsworth, of New York, asked leave to offer a long preamble, setting forth the importance of our possessing all the British American Provinces, concluding with a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of initiating measures to secure them by an honorable treaty.

Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, and others objected, and the House went into the consideration of the private calendar.

ANECDOTE OF MORPHY.—The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer says:

"The following story has been related to me, illustrative of the philosophy of chess, a game which enjoys the traditional admiration of Dr. Franklin, as requiring the exertion of every originating faculty of mind. In the course of one of the games between Messrs. Morphy and Anderssen, a move of the former excited much surprise among the bystanders. He had declined to take a piece, which, although apparently an exchange of knights, would have resulted, it was thought, conclusively in his favor. The game proceeded, nevertheless, without verbal comment, and was rapidly won by Mr. Morphy. No sooner did he deliver the 'checkmate,' than one of the most intense lookers-on, breathless with pent-up emotion, exclaimed, 'For the love of heaven tell me why you did not take the knight?' 'Because,' said Mr. Morphy, all alive to the nature of his friend's concern, 'it was a deep laid plot. In a few moves I should have lost the game by a stalemate. Mr. Anderssen saw the game was desperate, and he planned this snare for me.' So saying, he replaced the pieces as they had been at the critical moment, and demonstrated the result by a series of moves which would have been inevitable had he taken the knight. 'Was I not right, Mr. Anderssen?' 'Precisely,' ejaculated the gentleman, thinking possibly that the Prince of Darkness was not without a share in the composition of the young stranger."

☞ Metaphysics are the Godfrey's Cordial of the mind, with which old women talk young children to sleep.—*Punch.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been more activity in the Flour market since our last report than for many weeks past. The accounts from the West, together with an improvement in neighboring markets, and rather more encouraging news from abroad, have induced a speculative inquiry, and holders have put up their prices 25@37½c ₱ bbl. The sales comprise about 10,000 bbls at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bbl for superfine—closing with few sellers at the latter rates, some choice Lancaster county at $5,62½ extras at $5,75@6; and extra family and fancy at $6,25@7,50, including 1000 bbls Diamond Mills at the latter rate. The demand for shipment has been limited, and for home consumption there is a fair inquiry within the range of these figures. 200 bbls Rye Flour sold at $3,87½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and Penna is firm at $3,50. A sale of 200 bbls Brandywine was made at $4.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat have been extremely light and the offerings at the Corn Exchange from day to day have been of a very trivial character. The demand has been good and prices have advanced 3@5c ₱ bush. Sales of 14,000 bush in lots at $1,27@1,35 for ordinary and prime Penna and Southern red, and $1,36@1,55 for white. Rye has been in demand for distilling. All the receipts, comprising 3000 bush, have been disposed of at 85@87c. Corn comes forward very slowly, and at the close a better demand having sprung up, prices advanced 3c ₱ bush. Sales of 18,000 bush new yellow at 78@81c, closing at the latter rate, including 5000 bush on private terms; 3000 bush damp at 75@78c, and 9000 bush damaged at 75c. Oats were dull early in the week, but since the demand has increased. Sales of 10,000 bush at 46c for Southern, and 47@48c for Penna, chiefly of the latter description in store, including one lot above our highest quotation. Sales of 4800 bush New York Barley on private terms, and 700 bush Ohio do at 70c.

PROVISIONS—Supplies from the West continue to come forward very slowly, and the market has been more buoyant. Sales of 600 barrels Mess Pork at $17,75@18; 500 barrels Prime Mess, on private terms and Prime at $16 ₱ bbl. City packed Mess Beef is unchanged and sells in small lots, for ships' stores. A sale of Beef Hams at $17,50, which is a decline. Dressed Hogs are selling at $7@7,50. Bacon—The market is nearly bare of Sides and Shoulders, and of Hams the stock is considerably reduced. Sales of the latter at 10@12c for plain and fancy. Dry Salted Meats continue in very limited supply, and are more inquired after. Sales of Hams at 9¼@10c. Sides at 8¼@8½c.; Shoulders at 6¼@6¾, and one lot at 7c, on time. Lard—the stock is very much reduced, and prices are firmer. There has been a fair inquiry. Sales of 150 bbls and tierces at 12c, and 1500 kegs at 12¼@13c, short time—now held higher. Butter—Solid packed is extremely dull, and ranges from 10½ to 12c ₱ lb, as in quality, Pennsylvania Roll ranges from 17 to 22c, and Goshen from 22 to 25c ₱ lb.

COTTON—The market has been quiet, the demand having fallen off, but holders continue firm in their demands. Sales of 800 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12¼@13½c, cash, for low middling and middling fair quality, and some Gulf at 12¼@13½c, including samples at 12½c, and a lot of very inferior at 9½c.

BARK—Of Quercitron Bark the stock is exhausted, and No 1 is wanted at $30 ₱ ton, at which rate 30@40 bbds were disposed of. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

COAL—Trade generally has been dull, being mostly confined to the wants of the home consumers, and there are but few cargoes going forward to the Eastward. Prices, however, have undergone no change.

COFFEE—Sales of 8000 bags at 11¼@11½c, including an entire invoice at the former rate; Laguayra at 11½c, and Tringe at 9½c.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ₱ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ₱ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ₱ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ₱ lb, 38@50c.

FEATHERS continue dull, and prices are somewhat unsettled. Sales of good Western at 43@45c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples have advanced to 9¼@9½ ₱ lb. Dried Peaches are selling slowly at our last quotations. Cranberries range from $9@13 ₱ bbl. Green Apples are worth $2,50@4,50.

HOPS are rather firmer but the demand is limited. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 14@15c ₱ lb, and old crop at 5@10c.

HEMP is quiet, and prices remain without change.

HIDES—The stock is light and prices firm.—About 3000 Porto Cabello, to arrive, sold on private terms.

IRON—The market continues firm for Pig Metal, and there is some inquiry for spring delivery, but the transactions have been limited. Sales of 500 tons Anthracite at $23, $21 and $20 ₱ ton, cash, and $24, $22, and $21, 6 mos, for the three numbers. No sales of Scotch Pig Iron. Prices of Blooms, Bars and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

LEAD—There has been more inquiry, and prices are firm. Sales of 1500 pigs Virginia, at $5,75, equal to cash.

LEATHER—Prime Slaughter and Spanish Sole are scarce and advancing.

LUMBER—There is very little demand for any description. A sale of Spruce Joist at $13 ₱ M feet, and Laths at $1,75@2.

MOLASSES—The receipts of New Orleans have increased, and it is in good demand at an advance of 2c ₱ gal. Sales of 1800 bbls at 40@42c, on time, and 1000 hhds Cuba at 25@26c.

SEEDS—There has been an active inquiry for Cloverseed, and prices have again advanced; sales of 2000 bushels at $6,25@6,56½ ₱ 64 lbs, and 800 sacks re-cleaned, from second hands, at $6,62½. No sales of Timothy. Flaxseed is scarce and much wanted at $1,70 ₱ bush.

SUGAR—The stock of foreign in first hands is about exhausted, but of New Orleans the supplies have been coming forward rather more freely. The demand is good, and the improvement noted last week has been well maintained. Sales of 2000 hhds of the latter at 6¼@8¾, on time—part from the wharf.

SPIRITS—Prices of Foreign Brandy and Gin are unchanged. New England Rum is selling at 37@38c. Whiskey is held firmly—sales of Ohio, bbls, at 28c; Pennsylvania do at 27c; hhds at 26c; and 50 drudge at 25c.

WOOL—There has been a steady demand, and prices are well maintained. Among the sales we notice fine at 60c; full blood at 57@58c; three-fourths blood at 52@55c. Merino, pulled, at 46c, and common at 38c ₱ lb, cash.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street

MEATS.

Beef		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chops ₱ lb	16@20
Sirloin steak	17	Breast and Neck	8@10
Rump	12@14	Young Lamb, whole	12@14
Chuck pieces	8@11	Whole carcass	8@9
Plates and corned	6@8	Veal.	
Tongues, smoked	62½@75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, each	31@37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20@25	Chop	12½
Kidney	5@12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5@8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried beef, ₱ lb	14@16	Pork.	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,25
Fore quarter	50	Salt and fresh, ₱ lb	10@12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	10@25
Chop, ₱ lb	10@12	Trips, ₱ lb	4@5
Curries head, each	25@37	Lard "	10@15
		Ham, "	14@15
		Bologna sausage	15@20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,15	Do do, ₱ lb	6@8
Sweet potatoes ₱	50@75	Green peas, ₱ bus	75@1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3@5	Onions, bus	50
		Turnips ₱ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	$1,12@1,37½	Apples ₱ half pk	25@31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	50@62	Turkeys ₱ lb	9
		Geese ₱ lb, etc.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50@75	Morris River Cove, ₱ M	12@15
Do, ₱ M	37½@50	New Jersey, ₱ bbl,	10@12,00
		Terrapins	Shad.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ₱ lb	22@30	Sea Fish, ₱ lb	12
Eggs, doz	20@25	No 1 do, ₱	11
Cheese, ₱ lb	8@9	Mackerel	12
Dry Cod	5@6	No 1 Herring, bunch	6
Halibut, ₱ lb	12½	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½

☞ There is a corporeal lightness which all men have experienced at the moment when first love has transferred their life to another being.—*Balzac.*

NEWS ITEMS.

In the recent competition for the postage of the New York Post Office, the *Sun* proved the largest daily subscription list, 40.00 . The letter list was therefore taken from the *Herald*, and given to the *Sun*.

Last of the Rhode Island Slaves.—James Howland, the last of the Rhode Island slaves, died at the residence of John Howland, Jamestown, Rhode Island, on the 3d instant, at the ripe old age of one hundred years. He had always been a faithful servant in the Howland family. Up to the hour of his death he retained all his faculties unimpaired, and on the night of January 2d, attended to his usual duties about the house. On the morning of the 3d he arose, dressed himself and was about to descend the stairs from his chamber, when he fainted, and expired in a few moments.—*Providence Tribune.*

New Kind of Piano.—A new invention has come out in the Musical World, in the form of an improved piano forte. It is on a wholly original model. It has an iron frame, made solid; the sounding board is arched, and instead of being an endless succession of jacks, hammers, flanges, butts, strings, pins and screws, it is made to conform to the principles of the violin. The sound produced has a round, voice-like quality, such as has never before been attained. The breadth and quality of the tone are like well-adjusted voices of skillful men and women. Some of the most eminent musical men in New York, where the invention has been exhibited, have given their approbation to this novel instrument. It is a long time since any progress of special importance has been made in the construction of the piano forte, but the present improvement seems likely to prove a valuable one.

The telegraph is having a beneficent effect in correcting the tendency to verboseness. A gentleman went the other day to St. Louis, and, wishing to be especially endearing, sent a telegraphic dispatch to his wife, in New York, asking "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" She telegraphed back, "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

Penetrating China.—Lord Elgin, the British Minister in China, has projected an Expedition up the Yangtse River, which promises many interesting results. With a squadron of steam corvettes and gun-boats, six in number, and with the consent of the Chinese authorities, he is going as far as Hangchow, the principal commercial emporium on the river, five hundred miles distant from its mouth, and more than three hundred miles above Nankin, hitherto the utmost limit of "outside barbarian" navigation. The Yangtse is called the Mississippi of China, but as it drains about a third of China, the population on its banks must be eight or ten times as much as that on the Mississippi.

Lord Napier has officially requested the British Government to confirm or refute the statements made in the London letter to the Boston Advertizer, respecting his partisan relations here.

The wife of Thomas Redley, of Lockport, New York, put her little child in the wood-box, near the stove, for safe-keeping, while she went down the street. The stove became too hot, and set the wood-box on fire, and before assistance could be rendered the child was burnt to death.

Gen. Quitman left a sugar estate, the income of which ranges from $40,000 to $60,000. It goes to his daughter, wife of Lieutenant Lovell, of the Water Witch.

A Novel Exhibition is afoot by the people of Wolcottville, New York, who, on Thursday evening, January 20th, gave an entertainment called "The Old Folks' Kitchen," with the costumes, furniture, spinning-wheels in motion, and other features of the old times of 100 years ago.

Dr. Cabot and Dr. Bowditch have held a consultation upon Theodore Parker's case, and have come to the conclusion that his disease is pulmonary consumption. He will sail very soon for one of the West India Islands, probably Barbadoes, with the hope that time and relaxation from labor may work a cure. His society will probably take a smaller hall, and continue their organization and Sunday services.

It is stated as a reason why Vice-President Breckenridge boards at a hotel instead of occupying the magnificent residence recently completed for him, that the bulk of his property was swallowed up by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

Cold, That.—A man was baptised in the Poestenkill Creek, Rensselaer County, through a hole cut in the ice, while the thermometer marked 11 deg. below zero.

The story about the discovery of an ancient Egyptian hotel register, upon which was found the names "J. Cobb and E. Sau, Mesopotamia," is a fabrication. Jacob and Esau were not accustomed to writing their names in that manner.

Judson Hutchinson, just previous to his suicidal end, had finished a new house, costing $5,000, a few feet from that previously built and occupied by the brothers on High Rock, Lynn. The supposition that he was insane, is somewhat corroborated by his last words, which were written on a box made by one of his nephews, and were as follows:—

"This is Henry's box—
It caused him many knocks;
I would say the box cover,
The box to cover over,
He made it with his tools;
He is not one of the fools
That goes without any rules
Like me, one of the mules."

Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, offers to give a silver goblet, of the value of one hundred dollars, or the sum of money, if preferred, for grapes that will be superior to Catawba, for the purposes of wine—the decision of the question to be left to Ohio "Vine Growers' Association."

Dr. Abel D. Clark, of Meriden, Connecticut, for half a century the acknowledged champion of checker players in that part of the State, has at last been beaten, in a match of 72 games, played at 12 sittings, of six each, the doctor winning only 16, his opponent 44, and the remaining 12 drawn.

The President's Message reached San Francisco at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, having been only nineteen days and six hours on the road from St. Louis to California.

A young man, named Barnes, was recently fined £1 in a London court for kissing a girl ten years of age against her will.

A private letter states that some excitement had been occasioned in Havana by the publication of a statement that Brigadier General Reneau, (!) of the United States, had by letter offered the Captain-General fifteen millions to declare the Island independent, and himself (Gen. Concha) first President.

One of Dupont's powder mills blew up at Wilmington, on the 20th, about 20 minutes after 4 P. M. Two of the workmen were killed. The shock was distinctly felt in this city, and was generally thought to be an earthquake.

A queer mistake occurred in the marriage services performed in the Congregational Church, on Tuesday morning last, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Baldwin and Miss Harpham. Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who officiated, inquired of the bride. "Do you take this man to be your lawful and wedded wife?"—nor was the mistake rectified by the worthy clergyman, though noticed by many of the congregation present.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Thomas is a gentleman in New Orleans, a merchant and a planter, and, we regret to add, a bachelor, whose income this year will reach the large sum of five hundred thousand dollars, who, twenty-four years ago, was a clerk with a salary of fifty dollars a month.

The reported insurrection in Hayti is said to be of slight importance. At the last accounts, the insurgents, who had occupied a position on the river Mon Reins, had fled, leaving their ammunition behind.

The trial trip of Ross Winans's segar-shaped steamer, was considered highly successful. With a pressure of 50 pounds of steam, (half her capacity,) a satisfactory headway was made. The points of the bow and stern barely touched the water, and the even progress of the vessel caused no commotion of the waves, but left a smooth wake like a groove. The average speed attained was about 12 miles an hour. The ventilation below decks was perfectly preserved during the running of the machinery, and at no time did the thermometer rise above 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

Woman's Rights—Sweden Ahead.—According to a statement in the Stockholm *Aftonblad*, the authorities of the old University town of Upsal have granted elective franchises to fifty women owning real estate, and to thirty-one doing business on their own account. The representative that their votes assisted in electing will sit in the House of Burghers or Merchants.

The rumor now is that Mr. Robert Chambers is not the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." Probably what gave rise to the story in the first instance was the fact of some of the proof-sheets having been forwarded to him.

The marriage of the Detroit Desdemona is illegal, because of non-publication of the banns. The father is going to put the girl in a lunatic asylum, and shoot his sable son-in-law.

New England has the habit of boasting that it has the education of the entire country in its hands. The Report of the Pennsylvania State Superintendent of Common Schools rather contradicts this, as out of 13,856 teachers, all but 1,505 are natives of Pennsylvania.

Sending Newspapers and Pamphlets to Europe.—Persons who send newspapers and pamphlets to Europe, should be careful not to enclose them in wrappers, as it subjects them to letter postage, generally so high that the papers are refused by the persons to whom they are directed. A gentleman, just returned from England, informs us that he saw baskets of American newspapers and pamphlets in one of the English Post-offices which had been thrown aside on this account. If the newspapers are tied around with a piece of twine or cord, they will go as well as if in a wrapper, and the postage is then the ordinary price for newspapers. The fact that many newspapers and pamphlets fail to reach persons in England and France, to whom they are directed, may be accounted for in this way.

Chess.—The following is said to have been the most brilliant game in the recent match between Morphy and Anderssen:—

NINTH GAME.

(Morphy)—*White.*	(Anderssen)—*Black.*
P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
P to Q 4th	P x P
K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd
K Kt x P	P to K 3rd
K Kt to Q Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd
Q B to K B 4th	P to K 4th
Q B to K 3rd	P to K B 4th
Q Kt to B 3rd	P to K B 5th
Q Kt to Q 5th	P x B
K Kt to Q B 7th (check)	K to B 2nd
Q to K B 3rd (check)	K Kt to B 3rd
K B to Q B 4th	Q Kt to Q 5th
Kt x Kt (check)	P to Q 4th
B x P (check)	K to K Kt 3d
Q to K R 5th (check)	K x Kt
P x P	Kt x Q B P (check)
K to his 2nd	And Black resigns.

☞ The Proper Name for Chrolines.—Fire-balloons.—*Punch.*

☞ We are taught to clothe our minds as we do our bodies, after the fashion in vogue; and it is accounted fantasticalness, or something worse, not to do so.—*Locke.*

☞ The three indispensables of genius are understanding, feeling, and perseverance. The three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.—*Southey.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74 & '81	94	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	90	90½
" " new	103	—
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	58
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	40	43½
Penn 6 pr ct	93½	94½
" 5 " coupon	—	86
" " new	93½	94
Texas 6 pr ct	94½	—
" 5 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	99½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	95
N Y City 1872-5	114	115
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	140
Philadelphia	117½	118
Far & Mec	59	59½
Commercial	—	50½
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	68	—
P Township	34½	—
Kensington	66	—
Girard	12½	13
Western	—	69
Ake & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	—
Consolidation	—	27
Commonwealth	22½	23
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	56	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	—	—
Exchange "	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	110	—
Northern "	110	—
Louisville "	105	—
Farmers "	120½	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Planters "	104	105
N O Gas Light	127	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	?	71
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	1
New Granada	½	1
N America Ins'noe	—	150
N Liberties Gas	22½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	57	—
Bonds	—	93
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	—	103
" 2nd "	92½	—
" stock	—	—
" Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	95	97
" stock	119½	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	94½	95
" mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '58	—	74½
" stock	24½	24⅝
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89	90
" stock	44	44½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	26½	—
6 pr ct loan '69	102	102½
Chas Val R R	72	— 42½
Tioga R R	75	95
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70½	—
" 2d "	—	87
" stock	9½	10
Catawissa	—	6
Beaver Meadow stock	28	30½
" preferred 10 pr ct	28	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	—
" 6 pr ct loan	63½	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	85½	—
" 6 pr ct loan	—	100
Minehill R R	58½	59½
Har and Lan R R stock	—	8½
" bonds '53	—	95½
L. Schuylkill R R stock	26	—
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
" bonds	85	85½
Erie R R stock	14	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centra "	84½	—
Michigan Contra.	67½	68½
Illinois "	68½	—
Mississippi Southern 6's	90	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '22	71½	72
" imp. 6 pr ct	74	74
" stock	—	9½
" preferred	17½	18½
Lehigh Nav stock	49	49½
" mort 6 pr ct	—	100
" scrip	22½	23
Morris Canal'd	47½	48
" preferred	104½	105
Ches & De "	40	—
" bonds	76½	76½
Upper Ches "	2½	3
" bonds	50½	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
" bonds 1878	—	35

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—19 head B Elliott, Blair co, $7@8; 22 D Lloyd, Westmoreland county, 7@8; 23 Mooney & Baker, Ohio, 8½@9; 20 J McClure, Chester co, 8½@9½; 13 J Kauffman, Lancaster co, 8@9½; 20 D G Gemmill, Del, 7@9; 58 Schamburg, Ohio, 8@10; 69 Hutton & Co, Va, 8@10½; 37 Barker & Co, Ohio, 8½@9; 19 Biddle & Co, Pa. 8@8½; 33 I Abrahams, do, 9@9½. Cows—About 400 Cows sold at the usual prices. Sheep—5000 at market at $3@6 ₱ head, equal to 9@10c ₱ ℔ dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—86 head, Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 9½@10; 90 Cochran & Hathaway, Va, 9@10; 25 J Eakins, do, 9@9½; 21 Cochran & McCall, Chester co, 9½@10; 15 R Neely, do, 9@10; 13 J Mitchell, do, 9@9½; 16 P Hathaway, do, 9@10; 6 E Eaby, do, 9@10; 3 J McFillen, do, 9½@10½; 16 Seymour, (by Cochran,) Va, 10@10½; 26 A Kemble, Chester co, 9½@10; 134 T McClung, Va, 9½@10; 8 J Menahy, Chester co, 9@9½; 33 Chandler, do, 9@10; 6 Wellington, do, 9½@10.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 22.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour buoyant—sales of 10,500 bbls at $5,00@5,20 for State, $6,00@6,20 for Ohio, and $5,65@5,80 for Southern Wheat firm—5500 bush sold. Corn firm—sales of mixed at 85@86c. Mess Pork firm at $17,50; for old Prime, $13,25@13,50. Lard firm at 11½@12c. Whiskey dull at 28c.

A genuine Scotch haggis, "great chieftain o' the pudding race," is on its way across the Atlantic, to grace the table of the Burns festival in Boston.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Utica, Clark Co., Ind., Sept. 4th, 1858.

MESSRS. TYLER & HOWES,
Gentlemen—

I had been afflicted for 15 years with an obstinate and severe cough, which had prostrated me very much, so as to prevent me from doing any work that required much exercise. I was so reduced that my friends thought I could not live long. I had tried many medicines in hope of being cured, and quit taking them and despaired of being any better. Fortunately I commenced using your Expectorant, which gave me immediate relief, and the contents of two bottles rid me of the cough. I am in my 59th year, and during the past harvest I done good days' work in the field. Yours respectfully,

THEOPHILUS ROBINSON.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON,
Gentlemen—

Above we hand you the certificate of Mr. Theophilus Robinson, whose statement can be relied upon. Permit us to say that in selling your medicines not one complaint have we heard about their not giving satisfaction. Your Sanative Pills are considered to be an excellent remedy for Liver Complaint, disordered stomach, &c. Very respectfully,

TYLER & HOWES.

The Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. jan22-3t

A GOOD TIME COMING.

For dyspeptics and those who have been suffering for years with a disordered liver, or weakness of the digestive organs. You will believe this after giving HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS a trial. This remedy will cause a permanent cure, and enable you to enjoy life.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burmah to his father says:—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions, with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS, aside from their being the *best* remedy which medical science and research have discovered for the cure of Dyspepsia, is an *irresistible* cure for scurvy. No vessel should go to sea without a supply of this boon to the seafaring man.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. B. C. Steinmetz, to Miss Catharine Crowell, both of this city.

On the 29th of Dec. at the city of Trenton, N. J. in presence of the Mayor, by Friends' Ceremony, James W. Moore, of Mannahawkin, N. J. to Martha Jane, daughter of Jonathan Cox, of West Creek, N. J.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. G. Bringhurst, Mr. Charles P. Smith, to Miss Hannah E. Blackwood, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. George W. Seville, to Mrs. Elizabeth Todd, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, D.D., S. G. Smith, to Emma, daughter of Wm. C. Graham, Esq.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Atwood, Mr. James Reed, to Miss Anna Byars, both of Gloucester City, Camden county, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard Mr. William H. Buck, to Miss Josephine Swank, both of this city.

On the 4th of Nov. by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. Jacob Cress, to Miss Mary A. Rittenhouse, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, William Olmstead, aged 87 years.

At Reading, on the 16th instant, Mrs. Mary A. Talis, aged 60 years.

On the 17th instant, Jane, wife of John Hunter, aged 31 years.

On the 18th instant, Kate Louisa, daughter of Chas. and Eliza Shoemaker, aged 20 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. Ann Wells, aged 69 years.

On the 18th instant, Capt. Cumberland Sheppard, aged 49 years.

On the 18th instant, Matthew Clarke, aged 46 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. Mary Jarden, aged 77 years.

On the 18th instant, Margaret, wife of Erica Kampion, aged 25 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. James Halkyard, aged 56 years.

On the 15th instant, William S. Peterson, aged 29 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Samuel Phillips, aged 32 years.

On the 14th instant, Daniel B. Cannon, aged 80 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 22, 1859.

Pennsylvania.		Georgia.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	South Carolina.	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Alabama.	
Delaware.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Mississippi.	
Maryland.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	Louisiana.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
New York.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks	¾ dis
Maine.		Kentucky.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
New Hampshire.		Indiana.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	¾ dis
Vermont.		Illinois.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Connecticut.		Missouri.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
Massachusetts.		Tennessee.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Old banks	2 dis
Rhode Island.		Michigan.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Virginia.		Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	¼ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.		Texas.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
North Carolina.		Canada.	
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them. jan29-8t

DEAFNESS CURED!—However caused, if the tickling of a watch can be heard. Letters of inquiry, addressed to DR. BOARDMAN, No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, answered. Remedies and apparatus sent by express. jan29-4t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE MESSAGE BIRD.—Announcement for 1859! This best of Monthlies of its class, now about to enter upon its fourth year, will be better than ever during the next volume. The contents, as heretofore, will be entirely original, from writers of acknowledged ability and literary renown, and will consist of American and Old World Traditions; Life on the Borders; Wild Adventures among the Indians; Mist Waves from the Orient; the best Historical and Domestic Stories; Brilliant Tales and Sketches; Poetry; Scraps; Thought-Gems; a Choice New Feature, to be called Life-Pictures of Hearts and Homes; a Brilliant Legendary Romance of the far South-West, entitled LE-LU-NE-LU; Or, The Indian Gold Mountain. A story without a rival in deep and abiding interest, which will run through six numbers or more; and numerous other good features.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year	$0,50
4 copies, and one to agent	2,00
10 " " "	4,00
25 " " "	10,00
50 " " "	16,00

For six months, half the above rates.
☞ Specimen numbers sent FREE.
Address J. W. ROBERTS,
jan 22-3t Waynesville, Warren Co., O.

$3 TO $10 PER DAY.

WANTED, Persons in every Town and County in the Union, Local and Travelling.

The inducements are

AN HONORABLE, NEW AND PAYING BUSINESS,

Introducing ARTICLES of *Utility, Beauty* and *Novelty*, requiring but *small capital* ($15.)—Retailing at prices within means of *every person*, demanded in *every Family, Store* and *Manufactory*. All *Quick Sale*, and afford *Large Profits Everywhere*. Books giving full descriptions, references and notices, sent by mail on receipt of three cent stamp. Address

S. J. BESTOR,
No. 33 S. Third St., Philada., Pa.
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c.
dec18-tf

BEST AND CHEAPEST ARTICLE FOR THE HAIR.

COCOINE.

PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED COCOANUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

PHALON & SON,

Nos. 517, 477 and 197 Broadway, New York, where all letters will receive attention, and the article safely put up and sent. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents.

jan 22-3m

OPTICAL AND MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A large assortment of Spectacles, Spy Glasses, Magic Lanterns Opera Glasses and Microscopes, Stereoscopes in every variety, with one of the largest assortment of Views ever offered in Philadelphia, of Groups, Landscapes, Flowers, Shells, &c.—Views on glass, of Egypt, Italy, Holy Land, France and America, White Mountain, Niagara, West Point, and vicinity of Philadelphia.

Cases of Mathematical Drawing Instruments for Schools and Engineers—Philosophical Apparatus, &c., for sale by JAMES W. QUEEN,
924 Chestnut St., near Tenth.
☞ Catalogues gratis. jan8-4t

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent*.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great Medals of the World's Exhibitions in London and New York. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patents" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oct6-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & AYRES,
oct20-tf 42 North Sixth St., Philada.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

The Subscribers have issued a Circular in relation to the Cranberry and its Culture, and will forward them, free of charge, to all sending a postage stamp to pre-pay the same. Also, have the plants for sale, and will forward them in a fresh state by express to all parts of the United States.

Address SULLIVAN, BATES & CO.,
Jan15-3t Beltingham, Norfolk Co., Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $15 per day profit.—All may apply. Send a red stamp for particulars, to EARL, 129 Franklin St., N. Y.
dec25-8t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

"OLD DOMINION."

Old Dominion	Coffee Pots.
Old Dominion	Tea Pots.
Old Dominion	Coffee Urns.
Old Dominions	For Hotels.
Old Dominions	For Boarding-Houses.
Old Dominions	For Restaurants.
Old Dominions	For Steamboats.
Old Dominions	For the Million.

Over forty different styles and varieties of the celebrated "Old Dominion" Coffee and Tea Pots are now manufactured. Being based, as Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health says, "on science and common sense," they are rapidly coming into use, and are destined soon to supercede all others. They can be obtained from or ordered through any storekeeper, or dealer in housekeeping articles.

☞ Merchants who have not received our Trade Circular, giving prices, terms, &c., will be immediately supplied on application, by letter, to
ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,
117 & 119 S. Tenth Street, Phila.,
Sole manufacturers under the Patent.

☞ Also, manufacturers, under the Patent, of ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED AIR-TIGHT SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS. jan22-4t

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,
SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED.—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application. Address,
DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
n24-tf No. 33 S. Third St., Phila., Pa.

SAVING FUND—*NATIONAL SAFETY TRUST COMPANY. Walnut Street, South-West corner of Third, Philadelphia.* All Investments in First Class Securities. Interest, Five Per Cent. Open every day, and on Monday and Thursday evenings till 9 o'clock.
ar18-26t

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE IN USE.
LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,
820 CHESTNUT ST. jan8-4t

COLDS,
COUGHS,
ASTHMA,
CATARRH,
INFLUENZA,
BRONCHITIS,
HOARSENESS,
SORE THROAT,
WHOOPING COUGH,
INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

☞ COUGHS.—The great and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

☞ *Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption. Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Clears and gives strength to the voice of Singers. Indispensable to Public Speakers.*

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

☞ [*From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.*]—"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of." "In all my lecturing tours, I put '*Troches*' into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your '*Troches*' are pre-eminently the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge School."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

☞ [*From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York.*]—"I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purposes, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

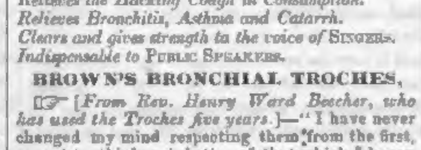
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

☞ [*From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutger's Female Institute, New York.*]—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your '*Troches.*'"

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

☞ For Children laboring from Cough, *Whooping Cough*, or Hoarseness, are particularly adapted, on account of their soothing and demulcent properties. Assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.
jan15-2teow



R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—The *genuine article*, and only cure for DEAFNESS! Also, JACKSON'S PILE and TETTER EMBROCATION. For sale by D. JAYNE & SON,
jan1-eowtf 242 Chestnut St., Phila.

THE PERPETUAL REVOLVING POCKET ALMANAC.

This fancy instrument is about the size of a Twenty Dollar Gold Coin, beautifully ornamented with chased engraving, of various designs, and richly gilt, to resemble gold. It is so constructed that by adjusting the first day of the month, you can tell at an instant's glance, the day of the month and week, and answers for not only a year, but for all coming time. It is now in great demand, and is a

PRETTY POCKET PIECE;

while its practical utility has made it a Universal Favorite, with both Ladies and Gentlemen. Thousands are purchased as GIFTS FOR FRIENDS.

One side of this Beautiful Little Favorite is splendidly engraved with appropriate designs, which renders it *peculiarly* attractive as a Pocket Memento. On the reverse side, is the useful and mechanical arrangement of the Almanac, quite simple in its operation, but *correct and very convenient*.

Notice a few of the hundreds of Recommendations, which have been volunteered it by some of the most popular Newspapers and Journals in the Union. The praises given it by our patrons are almost innumerable.

Philadelphia Ledger.—Always right for every year.

Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.—It will prove useful.

American Banner, Philada.—No business man should be without it.

American Courier, Philada.—Always right for every year.

Daily News, Philada.—Besides being a pretty pocket-piece, it is very useful.

Pittsburg Dispatch.—Everybody should have one.

Pittsburg Daily.—We are indebted for one of these handsome pocket-pieces.

Rambler, Philada.—Is neatly got up, and worthy of attention from the public.

Pennsylvania Inquirer.—The conceit is about the completest we have ever seen.

Weekly Globe, Washington, D. C.—It is a neat and ingenious little affair.

Evening Star, Washington.—Everybody ought to have it. Is always right.

Wit and Humor.

THE DEACON AND THE IRISHMAN.

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new-made acquaintance to keep him company thither (his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls, and in a whisper which could be heard all round, inquired:

"Sure, an' isn't this a hiritick church?"

"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word, they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I spake, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Glory!"

"Hist, ye spalpeen," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be dacent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist s-t, ye blackguard, have you no decency at all, at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the Deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yis, your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the Deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, landed him in the vestibule of the church.

A FRENCH PENANCE.

Winter brings back to us not only dinners, but balls, those twin pleasures of long evenings. The first of the Parisian season took place in a saloon of the *Chaussee d' Antin;* and, remarking the ardor with which young girls rushed thither, a chronicler relates the means which a Cure employed to prove to his young penitents the true foundation for their love of dancing.

When they confessed to have hopped and waltzed whole nights through:

"Then you love to dance extremely!" said he to them.

"Ah, yes! Monsieur le Cure."

"Well, then, I will give you a very sweet penance; you shall dance before your mirror for three hours, all alone!"

They went away, very well contented with the leniency of their pastor; but when they returned to the confessional, he said to them—

"Well, did you rigorously observe your penance?"

"No, Monsieur le Cure," they severally replied; "it was not possible—dance for three hours entirely by *oneself!* Could we do it?"

"Ah!" replied the pastor, "it is not then only the *dance* that you love!"

In all probability, the young girls retired to muse over what else there might be that was the true cause of their infatuation for the Terpsichorean art. Of course, they found out; for, now-a-days, maidens are not obliged to sigh long for such information, like the native *fraulein* in the quaint German ballad:

"Oh! who will tell
A poor, little innocent maid like me,
For what, besides speaking, my two lips may be!"

and they may have before suspected that their gallant partners had something to do with their complete enjoyment.

An Inveterate Story-Teller.—Two gentlemen from Virginia were travelling in a far distant land, some years ago; and after a long and exhausting journey, joyfully threw themselves upon their sylvan couch in the wilderness.

In the "dead and lonely watches of the night," one of them was suddenly aroused by his companion, who shook him hurriedly and roughly by the shoulder.

He started up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, looked anxiously for the enemy whose approach had put an end to his slumbers. Nothing was visible, however; and when his roving glance fell on the countenance of his companion, he perceived that the gentleman in question was smiling, and gazing at him with deep interest.

"Why in the world did you wake me ——?" he asked, with a growl.

"Because," responded his companion, with great cheerfulness, "I remembered that story I was trying all day to think of, about Squire Brown, in Charlotte, my dear fellow! I knew if I went to sleep without telling you about it, I would forget it completely; and I could not find it in my heart to disappoint you. Squire Brown, you see—"

What Squire Brown performed was never, however, related. I prefer omitting the muttered observations of the aroused sleeper, as he sank again to rest—pursued by his smiling and persistent historian, even to the borders of slumber land.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

A Police Office.—The prisoner, whose name was Dick Swivel, alias "stove pipe Pete," was placed at the bar.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete.—Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said, when it was all afire.

We will take the fire out of you. How do you live?

I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried.

We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine. What do you follow?

Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a man.

Don't care anything about the locomotive.—What is your business?

That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken.

That comes nearest to the line, I suppose.

Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.

Not Bad.—A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B———, not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared and carefully culling out all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood, and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming,

"There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

A Straight Road.—Major Brown, some years ago, occupied a seat in the Legislature of one of our Western States. The subject of general improvement was being discussed, and among the rest, a bill for improving roads was before the House. The Major "spread" himself hugely in favor of the bill. Pointing out the beauties and benefits of roads, "Why, gentlemen," said he, "look at the Mi-chi-gan road, sir—straight as a bee-line, sir; and, gentlemen, so straight that you can see a red dog a mile long, sir."

Agricultural.

WINTERING COWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fabius, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1859.

In suggesting a few hints on wintering cows, let it be premised that the hay for their consumption is made from the right kind of grass, cut at the proper season, and stored in the barn in good condition—each variety or quality in a mow by itself; or, if the mow is necessarily large, in distinct divisions of the same, so that any quality of hay may be used when required. Ordinarily, the best and finest should be used in fall and spring while the cows give milk, and that which is coarse and poor, during the intensely cold weather, when a sharp appetite will receive it with a good relish. Let it also be premised that the cows have good stable room, where the temperature can be regulated by proper ventilation, where the cows have a floor so much elevated above that in the rear as to secure them a dry place to stand or lie, and that they be fastened by ropes or stanchions so far apart, as not to be constantly irritating each other by their proximity. And let it be further premised that the premises have a warm yard adjacent to the barn—smooth and level, or nearly so; and that it have no acute corners, where the weaker cows may be caught and injured by the stronger, and that this yard contain a large trough, or tub, supplied with running water from some spring near by, or from logs under ground, in order that it may be as warm as possible. This watering place should not be in a corner, or any sheltered spot, where the masters of the lot would congregate and hold the rest in obeyance. Cows should not drink in small, sluggish streams where the water is soon befouled by their treading and wading and becomes undrinkable. With these pre-requisites good management will insure success; without them the stock tender's labor to carry his cows through the winter, in good condition, may, and often does, prove futile.

But one mow should be encroached on, at a time, in feeding out the hay; and if the mow is large, with a small stock to feed, it should be cut down with a hay knife and fed out in parcels; for, hay exposed a long time to the air, not only deteriorates materially in value, but becomes dry and unpalatable. And, for the same reason, only as much should be thrown from the mow at a time as is required for immediate use.

The cows should be fed a small quantity of hay as early in the morning as there is light sufficient in the barn—when that is gone feed a little more, and so continue until the appetite is satisfied. Hay fed in this way will all be liked and eaten—fed in large quantities it is breathed on and worked over until much of it becomes offensive and is rejected. This mode of feeding twice a day is practised by our best and most successful dairymen, and is enough, the remaining time being needed for the rumination of food of so coarse a nature.

When the cows have done eating they should be turned into the yard for water, exercise and rubbing, where, if the weather is mild, they may remain until it is time to shut them up for the night's fodder, at which time they should be fed as in the morning; but should the weather be so cold, windy or stormy as to be unpleasant for a man exposed to it, the cows should, soon after drinking, be remanded to the stanchions—the severity of the weather determining the duration of their stay out doors. In case they are so remanded, they should be again turned out just before the night's foddering, for water and exercise. The food and water should be allowed them, each day at regular hours, and they will not be uneasy for want of them. Salt should be dealt to them sparingly during the cold weather.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

Young Swell (*who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment*).—"Now, girls! will the kilt suit my calves?"

Sisters (*tittering*).—"Really, dear, you are too absurd!" —*London Punch.*

Their appetites are a good guide in this matter. In such weather they desire but little; and when they eat it in large quantities, in food or otherwise, it produces an unnatural thirst. The water drank to satisfy this seriously reduces the animal heat, and injuriously distends the stomach. These two circumstances concur in producing cathartic effects, which, at the same time, call for extra food and reduce the flesh. On the other a lack of the proper supply of salt and water produces constipation, and ultimately loss of flesh and health.

While assuming, generally, that healthy cows with this treatment not only remain healthy, but improve in condition, it must be remembered that many things, in the modes usually pursued, conspire to create disease—that cows often run down, lose their appetites, and sometimes their lives without any known cause, and epidemics and epizootic diseases sweep them off by scores. To prevent such diseases is better than to cure them, and with judicious care many of them may be prevented. A few things may be mentioned that conspire to health; pure air should be admitted through small ventilating holes scattered around the upper part of the stable-room, but it should in no case come directly in contact with the cows, and through these holes that which becomes vitiated from the pungent affluvia of the stables, or from respiration and perspiration will pass off. Deodorizers, when properly used, are auxiliaries to the same end. Ground grain of the leguminous order, and succulent roots fed occasionally have a slightly cathartic and good sanitary effect. These roots, with apples, are almost indispensable in cases of constipation and loss of appetite—the latter a cow will eat when she refuses all other food, and it will almost invariably at once bring the stomach to its normal state. A little ashes occasionally thrown on the hay or mixed with the salt are good; and once a month ashes should be well rubbed in along the back, neck and head, and the parasites will forego their labors and keep away. No hens or hogs should be allowed in the barn, for by them these life destroyers are rapidly disseminated. The stable should be cleaned while the cows are in the yard—never while they are eating—then they should not be disturbed. It should not freeze in the stable while the cows are there; nor should they ever stand out until they become cold and chilly. If the air is found warm in the morning where they are, the doors and windows should be opened in such a manner as to lower the temperature very gradually, nor should they be turned directly from a steaming stable into a piercing atmosphere. These malpractices have produced gargets, horn-alls, "tail soaks," and similar diseases in legion.

Above all, cows should be kindly and gently treated. They cannot speak to make their wants known. These we should try to find out from their actions. They should be treated on the Chesterfieldian plan. We have no domestic animals that have harmlessness and docility combined to a greater extent than they; and nearly all their faults may be attributed to hunger or wrong and cruel treatment. No harsh words or blows should ever be given them. By this course the most furious often become mild and gentle, while an opposite course often renders the most docile incorrigibly wild and fractious.

Let it not be forgotten that at the season in question, cows are far advanced in the period of gestation; and that a single blow, strain or other injury may result in the loss of at least one life; and the value for one year, and perhaps forever, of another. They should be handled with uniform gentleness—turned moderately from the stable, and returned moderately to it. They should not be required to pass over ice or through deep snow, in travelling for water or other purposes. No oxen or other vicious animals should be allowed in the yard they frequent. Every animal should be well secured at night, that no nocturnal goring may take place. No dog should be set upon to worry and frighten them. Nothing should be allowed to excite or irritate them, and finally, a vigilant eye should be kept on them to prevent casualties that may happen in a thousand ways.

One word with you, "Squire Slipshod." How can you claim even a moral character, while you continue your reprehensible treatment to your cows? You "hain't never pounded your cows?" No, sir, you are not accused of that—you have not life enough for it; but your cows have stood behind that old rail fence bellowing from cold and hunger, many a day, while half the hay you have fed them has been scattered and wasted by the wind. Your best cow got hung and died, when trying to get out a little hay among the rails in the old barn doors. That poor cow, that by previous neglect, you now have to lift up, will die before spring, unless you feed her twice the value that it would have cost to keep her well from the beginning; and if she lives, she will be useless next summer, and the next fall be skin and bones. You cannot fatten her, and the next winter she will be the same as now. A cow once so reduced is spoiled forever. You have made a great mistake in thinking that dairying can be made profitable while your cows are poorly wintered. Kind treatment, warm stables, and good feed would add many years to your cows' lives and their usefulness. Two tons of hay will keep your cows better in this way, than two and a-half will, the best you can do, while all is exposed to the storm. Sir, a committee that has investigated the matter, has decided that you feed your cows one half ton each more than Farmer Thrifty does his; and the difference in their appearance is only equalled by that of your horses. The serfs on the Steppes of Russia make no profit from dairying, because timber is so scarce that they can build no barns to shelter their stock in the winter. In the south of England the climate is so mild, that the cows, many of them, do very well without shelter; still, a great sacrifice of life and food is made for want of it; and, with these extenuating circumstances, the authorities of both countries reprimand this neglect severely, and, sir, God will reprimand you with a vengeance; for you have no excuse to palliate your enormity. Do you say you have not much timber? Your prostrate and decaying pines and oaks refute the assertion. Do you say "our climate is considerably mild?" Old Boreas hurls the lie in your teeth. If you believe in the transmigration of souls, you must quake at the thought of the terrible retribution that awaits you, when yours shall be domiciled in a beast. You believe that "your deeds will have their reward;" aye, sir, the ghosts of a long train of your famished stock will drag their skeleton forms around your dying bed, and confront you on the day of judgment.

I am, Mr. Editor, (not Squire Slipshod's, but)
Respectfully yours, FARMER.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.—In the May number of your excellent Cultivator, I requested your subscribers to try the experiment of raising potatoes under straw, promising that I would do so and give the result. On the 8th of June I put about half a bushel of very small potatoes in a corner of the field, on the sod, and covered them with about 8 or 9 inches of straw. A few days after we had rain, and the potatoes grew astonishingly, so that this fall I collected about a bushel of large and sound potatoes. I was obliged to take them up early, on the 5th of September, as the field was cleared of grain and stock turned into it. Four persons of this county have tried the same experiment, and succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. This is certainly a cheap way of raising potatoes, and pieces of land, which, from stones or stumps, would be lost, are thus turned to profit.—N. *St. M., Canada East, in Country Gentleman.*

SONNET.

What is my lady like? Then fain wouldst know—
A rosy chaplet of fresh apple bloom,
Bound with blue ribbon, lying on the snow:
What is my lady like? the violet gloom
Of evening, with deep orange light below.
She's like the noonday smell of a pine wood,
She's like the sounding of a stormy flood,
She's like a mountain-top high in the skies,
To which the day its earliest light doth lend;
She's like a pleasant path without an end;
Like a strange secret, and a sweet surprise;
Like a sharp axe of doom, wreathed with blush roses,
A casket full of gems, whose key one loses;
Like a hard saying, wonderful and wise.

Frances Anne Kemble.

☞ If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.—*Dean Swift.*

Influence of the Moon.—Sir Charles Napier, when in India, during an epidemic of fever, noticed that the attacks came on at the changes of the moon. "The wise men in England," said Sir Charles, "may laugh, but no doctor here laughs: they pitch in quinine at full and new moon." If the General had read the celebrated Dr. Mead's "Essay on the Influence of Sun and Moon upon Human Bodies," he would have known that there was high authority for the doctrine. "To conclude," says Mead, after detailing many instances of the access or exasperation of disease at these periods, "the powerful action of the moon is observed not only by philosophers and natural historians, but even by the common people, who have been fully persuaded of it time out of mind. Pliny relates that Aristotle laid it down as an aphorism 'that no animal dies but in the ebb of the tide;' and that births and deaths chiefly happen about the new and full moon is an axiom even among women." Every one will remember the allusion to the popular belief in Aristotle's aphorism, which is contained in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff,—"'a parted just between twelve and one, e'n at the turning of the tide."

Randolph.—A thousand anecdotes of John Randolph are related. The ——— family were involved in some unpleasant difficulties with the Roanoke orator; and those of the name were so numerous, that when an altercation took place with one, it was apt to end in a collision with the entire class.

"They are like a pile of fish hooks," said Randolph, joining his fore-finger and thumb, "if you try to raise one, you raise a hundred of them."

This trifle exhibits an actual instance of the peculiar plainness and point which characterized Mr. Randolph's illustrations. The listener followed the direction of his thin fore-finger, and seemed to look upon the images painted by a stroke of his trenchant wit.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

Useful Receipts.

To Cure Chilblains.—I used to have chilblains three years ago, and will back the following receipt for their cure against any. When they begin to itch unpleasantly, on going to bed take a towel, or anything you like, and cover the parts not chilled, exposing the parts that are; then get a holly twig, 18 inches long, with six or seven prickly leaves at the top, and whip the chilblains until they bleed well. I tried this sixteen or eighteen years since, and got rid of chilblains entirely until about four years since, when I used the remedy again, and have been free up to the present time. It requires a little nerve, and perhaps the best way would be to get an assistant to wield the twig. Allow me, in conclusion, to say that I live a great deal in the country, shoot three or four days a week, and few men are less careful in changing wet boots or exposing themselves to the weather than myself.—*Holly Bush.*]

[We can confirm "Holly Bush" in both matters; but there are few people who will adopt the flogging remedy, which many consider worse than the disease.—*London Field.*

Solid Ink.—M. Leonhardi, of Dresden, has invented an ink which he can form into cakes, for the convenience of transport. The inventor takes forty-two parts of Aleppo galls, and three parts of Dutch madder, and infuses them in a sufficient quantity of hot water. The solution is then filtered, and five and a-half parts of sulphate of iron are dissolved in it, after which two parts of acetate of iron and one and one-fifth part of liquid sulphate of indigo are added. The whole is then evaporated to dryness, and the residuum moulded into cakes.—One part of this dry ink dissolved in six of hot water, gives an ink of first-rate quality; but one of good quality may be obtained by adding only fifteen parts of hot water.

Bandoline.—This article, so universally used now for the hair, can be made for about half the price charged for it, in the following way: Take an ounce of quince seeds, pour upon them half a pint of boiling water, let it stand till cold, then add half a pint of cologne water, and strain it. Keep it in bottles, *tightly corked.*

Hop Yeast.—Take as many potatoes as you wish—say a dozen—pare and boil them in just water enough to cover them. When they are boiled soft, mash them fine in the water, and thicken with flour while it is scalding hot, a little thicker than pancake batter; when it is sufficiently cool, add a little hop yeast to raise it. When it comes up it will be fit for use, and may be used for bread or biscuit the same as any other yeast. This yeast may be kept from one to four weeks, according to the coolness of the weather and the place you keep it in. It should be covered tight from the air. I keep it in a small-mouthed jar, with an oilcloth tied tight over it.—D. W., *in Northwestern Prairie Farmer.*

A Good Plain Pudding.—Fill a baking dish that will hold two quarts, nearly full of apples, pared and cut coarsely. On this sprinkle six tablespoonfuls of sago; then pour into the dish as much hot water as will cover the apples and sago; let it bake about two hours. If the upper pieces of apple become too broken, push them down, and others will take their places. This pudding should be eaten warm, with cream or milk and sugar. When cold it is an excellent substitute for *blanc mange.*—It is economical, healthful, nutritious and delicious.

Graham Bread.—One quart of milk; scald one half of it, and pour it on one quart of good Graham flour; then add the rest of the milk warm, and flour enough to stir as thick as possible with a spoon, adding half a cup of good molasses while stirring it—then bake *slowly* for an hour.

Another.—Two teacups of sweet milk, two of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, Graham flour enough to make a *thick* batter—bake slowly an hour.

This makes the better bread of the two recipes, in the opinion of the generality of people.

Graham flour to be good should be made of the best white winter wheat, and great care should be taken by the miller that it be not ground too fine. It spoils it to be ground too fine. The bread does not rise well.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 13, 3, 1, 7, is a town in Asia.
My 15, 4, 11, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 14, 15, 3, 13, is a town in Europe.
My 9, 7, 16, 2, is a county in one of the Southern States.
My 5, 6, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 2, 6, 12, is a river in Austria.
My whole was a man whose name is connected with the History of America.

Bowmansville. R. M. L.

GEOPONICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 27, 11, 24, 27, 14, is a city in Austria.
My 3, 15, 24, 18, 17, 26, 27, is a river in European Turkey.
My 17, 13, 11, 13, 1, 8, 9, is a cape on the southern coast of Asia.
My 13, 10, 2, 2, 8, 20, 24, is a mountain of the Cascade Range in North America.
My 26, 10, 13, 1, 19, 28, 6, is a gulf on the coast of Italy.
My 2, 6, 24, 26, 6, 3, is a bay on the coast of N. America.
My 14, 15, 22, 10, 13, is a lake in Europe.
My 22, 1, 24, 27, 22, 6, 7, 14, is a desert in Asia.
My 21, 6, 13, 12, 15, is a peninsula.
My 1, 24, 27, 5, is a sea in Asia.
My 23, 10, 9, 26, 28, 13, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 21, 15, 24, 5, 16, 25, 29, 4, is a county seat in Kentucky.
My whole was a celebrated French female writer. EGBERT, M. P.

Kenosha, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 15, 11, is a boy's title.
My 14, 10, 22, 26, 25, is a celebrated General.
My 6, 13, 18, 26, is an institution that we cannot do without.
My 15, 14, 19, 12, 15, 11, 3, 12, is a writer of modern days.
My 9, 10, 13, 20, 20, 22, 12, 9, is an article all women need.
My 25, 4, 8, 7, is a Queen of olden time.
My 5, 12, 7, 7, 23, 7, was a very powerful Empire.
My 3, 21, is an abbreviation of the name of a very large Republic.
My 9, 15, 7, 19, 6, 7, 29, 5, 24, 29, 7, is a machine that is very useful but also very dangerous.
My 11, 17, 8, 6, 7, 12, is a tool that a certain class of men could not dispense with.
My 28, 12, 27, 22, 29, is a certain constellation.
My 23, 11, 17, 16, 12, is an article of furniture.
My whole is an Association in Philadelphia.

E. K.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With the glad echo that new Eden woke,
I to existence came—
Stole through the flowers of Paradise, and spoke
In the first mother's name!
I rose with Venus from her ocean shell,
With Hebe stood by Jove;
Charmed with the Graces, tuned the Muse's spell,
Yet ended peace and love!
I join in beauty and am known to hate,—
Dwelling from man apart,
All women claim me, on each bride I wait,
And breathe in every heart.
I crown the earth, abide in each far clime,
And murmur from the sea;
But most with clarion tones I sound sublime
Up from the mighty free!
Adown life's current fast with time I roll,
Sigh in the last breath given,
Shine from the gates of the Eternal goal,
And tell of bliss in Heaven!

Baltimore. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When running a distance at very great speed,
My first you will do when you've finished the deed.
But should you by hazard accomplish the feat,
And find not my whole hanging down to your feet,
My second and third you must be!

Philadelphia. J. GOODMAN.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfectly smooth sphere, whose diameter would be 7,912 miles. Suppose I start from the city of Philadelphia on the 20th day of October, 1858, at sunrise, and travel all the time from sunrise till sunset in the direction of my shadow, at the rate of three miles an hour. Required—the nature of the *curve* I would describe; the course and distance from Philadelphia to the place where I would stop at sunset; the latitude and longitude of my stopping-place, and the number of square miles of the earth's surface it would be possible for my vision to extend over, supposing my eyes to be five feet six inches from the earth, and I all the time looking about me? An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ With what colors would you paint a storm at sea? Ans.—The waves "rose" and the winds "blew." Or in water-colors

☞ When is a man like a rooster? Ans.—When his head is combed (and which accounts for the term "a jolly old cock.")

☞ When is a cat like a distant friend? Ans.—When it's skinned. 'Cause as how, then it's "fur off."

☞ Why is a drummer the fastest man in the world? Ans.—Because time beats all men, but the drummer beats time.

☞ When may bread be said to be inhabited? Ans.—When it has a little Indian in it.

☞ A Musical Conundrum.—Why is the common chord in music like a portion of the Mediterranean? Ans.—Because it's the E G and C (Ægean Sea).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—A Happy New Year to the Post and its Subscribers. CHARADE. War-club. RIDDLE.—Pirate—(Patrie signifying Father.) TRANSPOSITION.—Putnam. PARTNERSHIP QUESTION. Joseph, the 1st, 35.292-899 longest rows; James, the next, 36.611065 middle rows; John, the last, 48.696036 shortest rows; making, 120 rows.